Untangling the Busing Snarl *Alexander M. Bickel*

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Richard Parker

Law & Order Four Years Later

The Doubts about McGovern

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How a Businesslike Campaign Works

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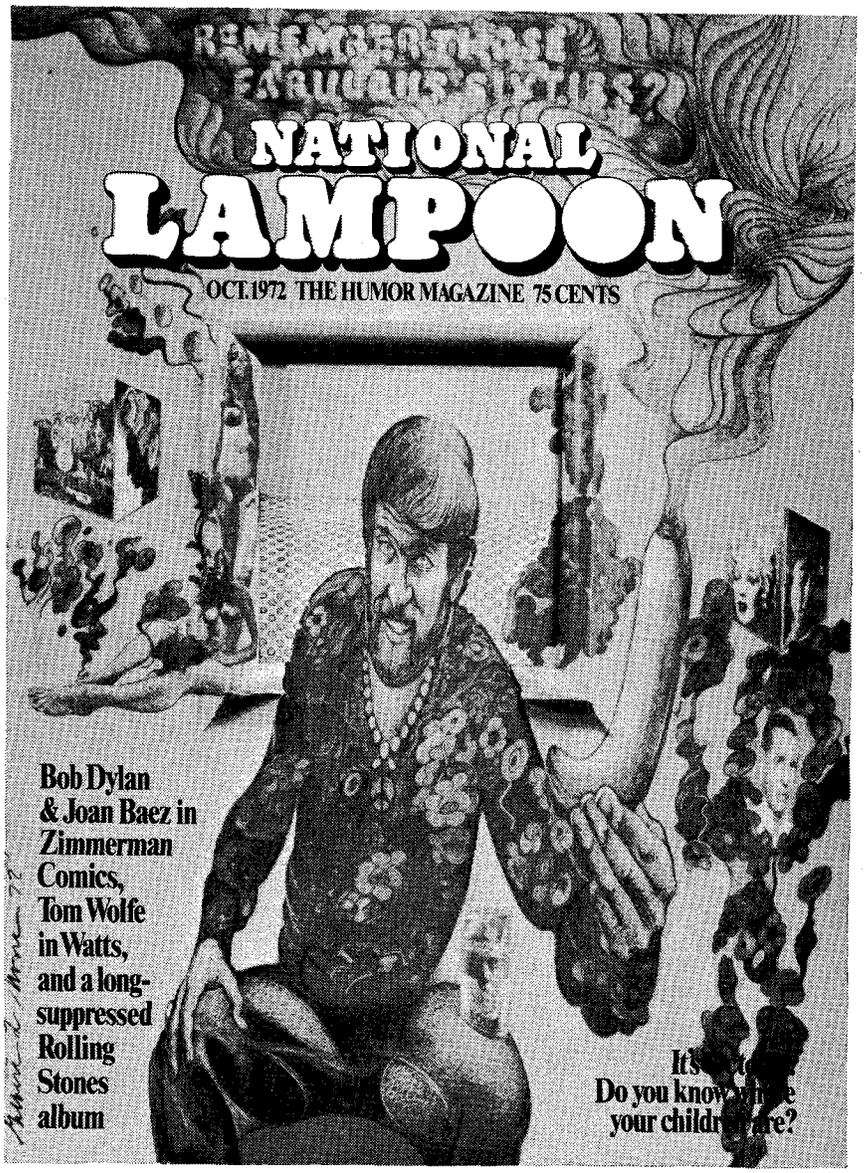
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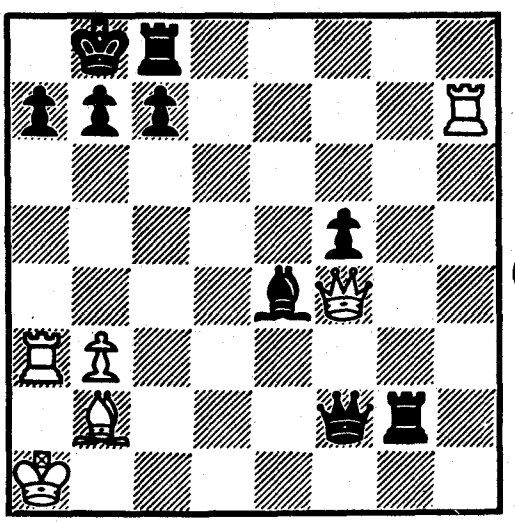

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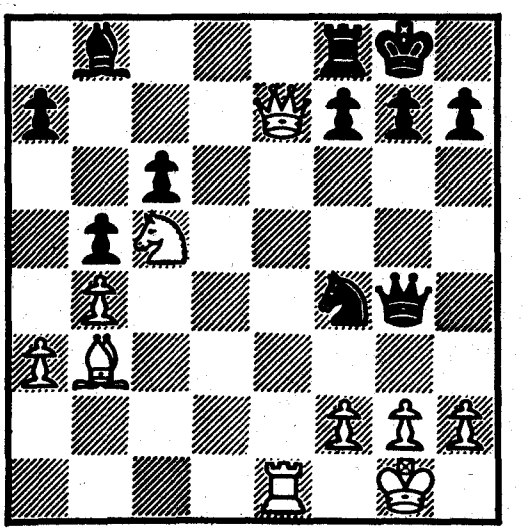

Principle: QUEEN SACRIFICE with PIN

White	Black
Q x BP ch	R x Q
R — R8 ch	R — B1
B — K5 ch	K — R1
R x R Mate	

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TRB

from Washington
September 23, 1972

Pension Roulette

Ever see a truck driver cry? I did the other day. He was testifying at a Senate subcommittee on a matter that affects 30 million American workers (though few know it). He worked for a New York firm 30 years and was under their pension plan for 27, and he had his retirement all planned out. He figured he would get $140 a month from pension and a tidy Social Security check at 65 and he and his old woman could make out. Not lavishly, you know, but okay. Then the blow fell.

He told Senators Williams (D, NJ), and Javits (R, NY), that the company suddenly announced it was moving over to New Jersey and he could move, or commute if he cared to (two hours each way), or he could take severance pay. He tried it three months. He was at the bottom of seniority now, he found. Take it or leave it, said the company. So he took severance. No pension. He paused. He was lucky though, he added. At age 47 he got another job. But the lapsed pension rights aren't transferable; he must start all over again.

Thirty million Americans think they are covered by private pension plans whose assets now amount to over $130 billion and are leaping by $10 billion a year. Yet only a relative handful under present conditions will ever get a penny from the amount. It is the largest aggregate of virtually unregulated money in the nation. Government hasn't caught up with it. President Kennedy started an inquiry 10 years ago but Congress hasn't acted.

Take the case of Mrs. Iris Kwek of Detroit—that's her real name—employee of Anaconda Company. Her husband works; they don't have any children. They aren't poor; they are average middle class Americans. She worked happily 30 years. Everything was harmonious. Then one day the company announced it was closing part of its Detroit operations and some workers would be let go. She was one. The non-contributory pension, she testified, was a tremendous incentive to loyalty; the company called it her "second paycheck." But now at 48 she wasn't eligible. If she had been 60 she could have got it for life. One day she was dreaming of a $100-a-week pension; the next day—nothing.

"A tremendous injustice is being carried out on the traditional American middle-class working family," fumed Senator Javits.

Yes, said Mrs. Kwek; Anaconda had a large office in Toronto. They couldn't have treated her like that in Canada, she said; Canada has regulations covering pensions, not the US.

Word of the Senate labor subcommittee hearings spread and letters poured in, and still do; agonizing letters. Out of a sample of 500, all but four told stories of humiliation and anguish. One out of four Americans over 65 lives in poverty. Here a wife writes that after 29 years her husband retired and got his pension for 1½ years, when he died. "He wanted that security as much for me as him," she writes. But who cares? She's just a widow on relief.

Or again, a man says he is 64 and laid off after 15 years, one year short of eligibility. No pension.

Here is Bernard Russ, who testified that he worked for the Columbia Gas System Service Corporation in New York for 24 years, short five months, when he learned his department was being transferred to Columbus, Ohio. To be "vested" (*i.e.*, eligible) for pension he must have served 10 years (which he had) and be 45 years old (he was 41). No pension. He stayed in New York, got another job and hopes he is building to another pension with the new company. He doesn't know.

Conditions disclosed by the Williams committee make you wonder. A staff analysis covers 87 sets of sample pension plans. In one group (nearly 10 million workers, and $16 billion in pension assets) only four percent of all workers who have left since 1950 got *any* pension; in another group with somewhat more lenient qualifications, *only 16 percent*. The forfeiture rate is shocking.

A typical letter to Senator Williams: "Father worked well over 25 years and he suffered a heart attack right before retirement. They would not let him continue working and he lost his pension rights."

It would be easy, it seems, to remedy this. Companies don't mean to be cruel. Partly it is due to the suddenness of the pension vogue. But the statistics and evidence are appalling. "It is a rare thing to find a major American institution—private pension plans—built upon human disappointment," says Senator Javits.

Here is a large oil company with pension plan assets of over $450 million. But with the normal mobility of average workers, and the rigid and nontransferable pension requirements, the forfeiture rate is extraordinary; fewer than 8500 beneficiaries since 1950.

The United Mine Workers ran their own pension fund of $100 million and put half of it in a Washington bank which they own and control. They let the bank have the funds without interest. The interest might have aided widows and orphans; instead it benefited the bank and the union's officers. Some companies invest in their own securities; many turn funds over to the trust department of a given bank. The four biggest banks in the country, according to former Senator Paul Douglas in his compelling biography, *In the Fullness of Time* (Harcourt, Brace) manage about half of the $130 billion fund. He suspects these funds "have furnished the reserves by which the recent rash of conglomerate mergers has been effected."

Millions of participants trying to practice thrift and prudence are chasing a will of the wisp. "There will be a pension check for you from the company every month of your life," promised Horn & Hardart of Philadelphia just before it was gobbled up by a conglomerate and the plan ceased. A Newark brewery, P. Ballantine & Sons, promised benefits "for the rest of their lives"—and went broke. A folder from the Anaconda Company shows a nice elderly couple looking at travel folders marked "Italy-France" and promises to make "your 'golden years' more enjoyable." But not for Iris Kwek.

George McGovern strongly backs now-pending legislation for tough pension regulation, federal supervision, and pension transferability. After all, the average American has three or four jobs in a lifetime. Where does Mr. Nixon stand? He favors reform one day; denounces the "welfare state" the next. You would think the 30 million affected Americans would have strong feelings on this issue.

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Law and Order Four Years Later

The late J. Edgar Hoover was smart enough to know that heading a national police force could be his undoing. It is one thing to be catching Commies and Mafiosi, another to be catching hell for every unsolved murder in Manhattan and every rape in Racine. In 1968, however, Richard Nixon rushed in where Hoover had feared to tread and in his campaign for the presidency, made local crime a national issue. A new attorney general, he promised, would bring "law and order" to the land and make the streets safe to walk again. Like his promise to bring peace in Vietnam, the pledge now can be compared to the performance.

Before one descends into the netherworld of crime statistics, a word of caution. In 1930, Hoover established a national crime reporting system based upon the reports of state and local police departments. These figures understate the amount of crime committed because they are based only upon crimes reported to the police. In 1969, the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence (the Eisenhower Commission) suggested that violent crime (other than murder) might be twice as high as stated in the FBI's *Uniform Crime Reports*. "Reasons for the gap," the commission said, "include failure of citizens to report crimes because they believe police cannot be effective in solving them; others do not want to take the time to report, some do not know how to report, and others fear reprisals." Nevertheless, because it is the only comprehensive national crime report, it is the source cited by the Nixon administration when it reports "progress."

Published by the FBI in August of each year, the UCR has a "crime index" that measures the number of offenses and the rate per 100,000 inhabitants for seven crimes. The four violent crimes are: 1) murder and nonnegligent manslaughter, 2) forcible rape, 3) robbery and 4) aggravated assault. The three crimes against property are: 1) burglary, 2) larceny of $50 or more and 3) auto theft. Based entirely upon FBI data, the index shows that the crime rates have not been reversed, not been stabilized; they have shot up.

Murder: The FBI reported 13,690 murders in 1968, 14,640 in 1969, 15,860 in 1970, and 17,630 in 1971 (a 29 percent increase). The murder rate (per 100,000 inhabitants) for those years was 6.8., 7.3, 7.8 and 8.5 (a 25 percent increase).

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Rape: The FBI reported 31,380 rapes in 1968, 36,840 in 1969, 37,650 in 1970, and 41,890 in 1971 (a 33 percent increase). The rape rate (per 100,000 inhabitants) for those years was 15.7, 18.2, 18.5 and 20.3 (a 29 percent increase).

Robbery: 261,620 robberies were reported in 1968, 297,460 in 1969, 348,240 in 1970, and 385,910 in 1971 (a 48 percent increase). The robbery rate (per 100,000 inhabitants) for those years was 130.9, 147.3, 171.4 and 187.1 (a 43 percent increase).

Assault: There were 283,470 aggravated assaults reported in 1968, 307,580 in 1969, 331,190 in 1970, and 364,600 in 1971 (a 29 percent increase). The assault rate (per 100,000 inhabitants) was 141.8, 152.3, 163.0 and 176.8 (a 25 percent increase since 1968).

Burglary: 1,835,000 in 1968, 1,956,400 in 1969, 2,176,600 in 1970, and 2,368,400 in 1971 (a 28 percent increase). The burglary rate (per 100,000 inhabitants) was 918.1, 968.9, 1071.2 and 1148.3 (a 25 percent increase since 1968).

Larceny: 1,273,800 larcenies of $50 or more in 1968, 1,527,800 in 1969, 1,749,800 in 1970, and 1,875,200 in 1971 (a 47 percent increase). The larceny rate (per 100,000 inhabitants) for those years was 637.3, 756.6, 861.2 and 909.2 (a 43 percent increase).

Auto Theft: 778,200 stolen cars reported in 1968, 872,400 in 1969, 921,900 in 1970, and 941,600 in 1971 (a 22 percent increase since 1968). The auto theft rate (per 100,000 inhabitants) for those years was 389.4, 432.1, 453.7 and 456.5 (a 17 percent increase since 1968).

You would not know by reading administration handouts that crime rates have gone up every year since Mr. Nixon took office. Last year, for instance, the Justice Department, using some statistical legerdemain, concluded that the corner has been turned. Reporting the "good news," Mr. Mitchell's department added a new phrase to "double-speak" when it noted that "the rate of increase [of crime] has decreased." On July 17 this year, the attorney general, reaffirming "the right of all citizens to feel safe on the streets and secure in their homes," announced "significant progress in this administration's determination to roll back the wave of crime which swept our nation in the 1960s."

There are many facets to crime in America, but two are of special interest today. The first, firearms, is of interest because here is where national leadership and legislation could accomplish something positive. The second, the growth of crime in the suburbs, is important because the suburbs are thought by many to be the heart of Mr. Nixon's constituency.

In 1971, 51 percent of all murder victims were killed by handguns; another 14 percent were killed by shotguns or rifles. So much for the wisdom of the bumper stickers that proclaim that "guns don't kill people, people kill people." If the gun lobbyists were honest, they would add the postscript, "but guns make it easier."

Mr. Nixon came into office promising to "strengthen the hand of our peace [police] forces," but in his capitulation to the gun lobby, he has put the police at the mercy of gun-carrying criminals. In 1971, 126 police officers were murdered in the line of duty; the figures for 1970 and 1969 were 100 and 86. Indeed, more police officers were murdered in Mr. Nixon's first three years of office (312) than were murdered in Mr. Johnson's last five years of office (307). In 1971, 97 percent of these policemen were killed by firearms (73 percent by handguns), and although firearms have been responsible for more than 95 percent of police killings for a decade, the administration has consistently opposed tough laws to get handguns out of circulation.

Crime in the suburbs has been increasing at a faster rate than crime in the cities. In 1969, the crime rate (per 100,000 inhabitants) for the four violent crimes was 859.7 in communities of more than 250,000 people; for the suburbs it was 162.6. By 1971 these rates had climbed to 1047.5 and 205.7 respectively. Violent crime is still worse in the cities, but in the past two years it has shown a greater percentage rise in the suburbs: 27 percent as against 21 percent. During the same two years the crime rate for the three property crimes increased 24 percent in the suburbs, 10 percent in the cities. Not only was the percentage increase greater in the suburbs, there was a greater absolute gain as well: from 3965.0 to 4366.0 in the cities and from 1778.2 to 2205.1 in the suburbs. Property crime remains worse in the cities, but it is spreading more rapidly in the suburbs.

Statistics give an idea of the dimensions of the problem, but they tell us nothing about the causes of crime. No one has diagrammed the exact cause-and-effect relationship between crime and, say, a high unemployment rate or the isolation and deprivation of blacks. We are reasonably sure, however, that crime flourishes in urban decay and in the ghettoes within the cities. The administration's determination to win in Indochina has never been matched by a determination to overcome the deterioration we see all about us. It has starved the juvenile delinquency program (Congress authorizing $75,000,000, the administration asking for $10,000,000). Overemphasizing hardware, it has not been resourceful in using the law enforcement assistance administration in Justice to improve significantly police performance. It has not given the leadership or the money required to modernize the management of our criminal process.

Those who four years ago accepted in good faith candidate Nixon's 1968 "law and order" promise would do well to think about the victims of the 14 million property crimes and two million violent crimes since his inauguration. On the record, this administration has not begun to usher in that generation of peace of which it speaks—not in the streets of Saigon or Chicago.

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Hitting the Dikes

For three months the administration has denied that US planes deliberately bombed dikes in North Vietnam. If some were hit, it was unintentional—the damn things got in the way. But then, it was not the President's policy in November 1971 to bomb North Vietnamese airfields either, yet they were bombed systematically, and Lieutenant General Lavelle now says that the higher-ups knew it. At one point in the dike controversy, the State Department announced it was assembling conclusive evidence that there was no premeditation. The evidence did not appear on the date promised and has not been heard of since.

Le Monde, however, has published a systematic study by Yves Lacoste, professor of geography at the University of Paris, who spent two weeks examining the dikes, using a map made by technicians from the Ministry of Hydraulics in North Vietnam and checking its accuracy by on-the-spot inspection. He found numerous indications that the bombing has been "deliberate and systematic," and, contrary to Mr. Nixon's belief, that dike repairs are not easily made.

Out of 58 strikes in the Red River delta, 54 have been in the eastern part—"from the district of Nam Sach in the north, the province of Tai Binh in the center, to the region of Nam Ha, Nam Dinh and Ninh Binh in the south." Here the people and rice are densest and the villages lie below the level of the rivers, which run elevated between the dikes on riverbeds which rise as more silt settles. The air strikes "are localized *exactly* in the area in which their effects can be most serious and where most of the easily flooded areas are to be found. . . . If these bombings, instead of being aimed at the dikes in order to bring on flooding, had been aimed at military targets located near or on the dikes, they could not have avoided more frequent hits on the dikes situated in the upper delta, near Hanoi for instance, where military objectives are often attacked without harm to the dikes." In the lowest regions of the northern rivers, near Haiphong, the rivers are no longer elevated above the plains. Here almost no dikes have been hit—"the effect of destroying them would be less disastrous than in other places."

In the heavily bombed eastern part of the delta, "the points on the dikes that have been most frequently hit are the ones that, at high-water, are subjected to unusually strong pressure by the water. The dikes have been attacked in the concave part of the bends, or, in the northern part of the Nam-Sach district, at points where they are subjected to the perpendicular pressure of an especially powerful current resulting from the confluence of six rivers. It is literally impossible for there to have been 'military targets' at all of these points . . ." He adds that except around Hanoi and Haiphong, where almost no dikes have been hit, roads rarely run atop the dikes. In no bombed areas he saw was there any possible target other than the dike.

In Thai Binh province, between the Red and Traly rivers, the Lan locks—"far from any other target"—were hit 12 times from May through August. This area is a sort of "gutter to the sea" between the alluvial cushions of the two rivers; the rain that falls must be pumped out. Since the Lan locks have been knocked out, "the waters have begun to accumulate in the rice fields where a considerable part of the harvest may be considered lost." Both the river dikes and those on the coast (to prevent sea-water flooding) have been hit repeatedly. "Finally . . . the Nha May Gho Khi factory (near Hanoi), which furnishes the material required for repairing the locks and other hydraulic installations, was razed to the ground on August 5 by particularly intensive, precise bombing."

Lacoste concludes: "Unlike the bombings carried out against the dikes in 1965, 1966, and 1967, which were interrupted every year before the heavy rains and high-water, the attacks that began in April 1972 have continued not only into July but also through August . . . The risks of severe breaks in the dike network are therefore considerable, in spite of the immense effort that has been made to repair the damage . . . The threat of flooding exists for the greater part of the areas under cultivation (rice is a plant that dies if it is under water longer than four days), and it may be estimated that 1.5 to 2 million people would be drowned in the lower regions that are the most directly exposed to the effects of sudden submersion in case of a particularly violent water rise."

The Crime of Letterwriting

The Berrigan brothers became enemies of the state four years ago when they were convicted of pouring duck's blood on some draft files in Catonsville, Maryland. For destroying government property and interfering with the selective service they were sentenced to six years in jail. Father Philip eventually went to the federal pen in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania and Father Dan went to another in Danbury, Connecticut. Nothing much was heard of them until November 1970 when the late J. Edgar Hoover in Senate testimony accused the two Berrigans of leading "an anarchist group on the east coast, the so-called 'East Coast Conspiracy to Save Lives,' " just one of many terrorist groups threatening the nation's security, and one of the reasons he would need 1000 new FBI agents in 1971 and 477 more in 1972. The East Coast Conspiracy, Hoover said, planned to blow up steam tunnels under federal buildings in Washington and kidnap "a highly placed government official."

Apparently neither of the two senators present found anything unusual in this, for they asked no questions. But Representative William Anderson (D, Tenn.), who

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had met the Berrigans, wrote an angry letter when he learned of Hoover's testimony the following week. Anderson asked the FBI to bring charges or make a public retraction. Hoover answered that he'd done all that was legally permissible: he'd given his evidence to the Justice Department and it was up to the attorney general to begin prosecution. Newsmen brought the subject up in the President's press conference in December. A month later in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, the Justice Department indicted Philip Berrigan and five others as conspirators, along with Dan Berrigan and six more friends who were not cited as defendants. They were accused of plotting to kidnap Henry Kissinger and blow up federal heating tunnels.

On these shaky foundations the government built a grandiose conspiracy case against the Berrigans and friends, who as the "Harrisburg Seven" quickly assumed their well-rehearsed roles as martyrs to the military establishment. The indictment had to be completely overhauled once—in April 1971—before the prosecution could go to trial. Proceedings began on January 24 this year and lasted until April 5. When it was over, the jury announced that it couldn't reach a verdict on the allegations of conspiring to kidnap and bomb, and thereby regretfully caused a partial mistrial. Reporters who interviewed jury members afterward said the vote had actually been 10-2 for acquittal. The jury agreed on one issue, however, a charge which the defense hadn't denied. Berrigan and one of his friends, a Roman Catholic nun, Elizabeth McAlister, were found guilty of smuggling letters in and out of the federal pen at Lewisburg.

It was a small victory, a feeble monument to the months of footwork by the FBI, the wiretapping, reading of mail, spying on Catholic activists, and particularly the efforts of Boyd Douglas, the informer. Without him there would have been no case. He was the one who volunteered his services as a mail courier between Philip Berrigan in prison and his friends outside, and he was the one who diligently xeroxed each letter he received for FBI files.

But a small conspiracy is better than none at all, and every conviction carries some penalty. After five months, the federal judge in the case, R. Dixon Herman, gave sentence on September 5. As punishment for writing the letters carried in and out by Boyd Douglas, Philip Berrigan was sentenced to four terms of two years each, all of them to run concurrently with his present term so as not to extend his time. McAlister was given a year and a day, which if she serves, will be her first prison term. Both cases are being appealed, and Miss McAlister is free on bail.

Following a "complete review and reevaluation of the case," the Justice Department wisely decided to abandon its kidnapping and bombing indictment. After Judge Herman had given sentence, the government prosecutor had these charges dismissed. Discretion is the rule in such awkward cases: there will be no retrial.

Scandals as an Issue

The Watergate bugging, $10 million in secretly raised campaign funds, $89,000 in contributions passed through a Mexican bank to hide the identity of the donors, $25,000 in cash from a close Humphrey supporter who quickly received a national bank charter, $300,000 from milk producers who quickly received a price support increase, $128 million in subsidies to grain companies some of whom have hired Agriculture Department officials, even the old promise of $200,000 from ITT while its antitrust suit settlement is being negotiated—all of this is scandal enough to give any voter pause. Or is it?

Without Senator McGovern or his running mate mentioning another word on the subject, congressional investigations and court actions already underway guarantee to keep these matters on the front pages. What has to be determined, however, is whether the people's response will be measured in their vote or in their growing cynicism toward politicians and their government. The general public has yet to share in the outrage that has enveloped the McGovern Democrats or the fascination shown by the media.

There appear to be several reasons for the lack of vocal public response. First is the brazen but sophisticated manner in which the Nixon people have handled their public relations. When the Watergate Five were caught redhanded in Democratic National Committee headquarters, the Nixon strategy—as it was with the ITT affair—was immediately to separate and isolate the "villains" from the White House and even from those to whom they were directly responsible. John Mitchell, who was reelection campaign committee chairman at the time, deplored the event and quickly announced he had no knowledge of what his own security chief, James W. McCord, Jr., was up to in the Democrats' headquarters, adding, as his excuse, "[McCord] has, as we understand it, a number of business clients and interests and we have no knowledge of these relationships." (*Newsweek* recently reported that McCord's only client was the Republican campaign organization.)

Since Mitchell's first Watergate statement—and after his hasty departure as chairman—his replacement, Clark MacGregor, numerous White House spokesmen and even the President himself have reassured the public that they are "convinced" there was no connection between them and the Watergate bugging. Although they control the FBI investigation and have made their own, nothing substantial has been offered to support such a "conviction." The information that has come out—primarily from McGovern sources—has tended to link Mitchell, Finance Chairman Stans and perhaps the White House more closely to the plot. The media and McGovern's organization are knocking themselves out trying to prove a connection exists.

The McGovern campaign faces the task of translating

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the scandals into a positive vote-getting issue. "Abuse of power" and "being above the law," those are the issues identified by one Democratic aide who sees the Watergate case and others as the basic thing going for the South Dakotan these days. But he too sees its limitation as a voting issue despite the publicity.

All this is not to say the scandal issue has reached its final flowering. The Democrats' energetic and resourceful lawyer—Edward Bennett Williams—will be pressing the Watergate affair to the fullest, and reportedly has a participant ready publicly to turn Democratic if not state's evidence. Common Cause believes it can overcome legal roadblocks that bar a court-ordered disclosure of the secret donors to the $10 million Nixon campaign fund.

If one were to speculate, perhaps the most threatening cloud on the Nixon scandal horizon would be if one of the Watergate Five were to involve the White House directly in the affair. And in that vein a crack appears between the lines of the recent *New York Times* interview with the alleged leader of the Watergate raid, Bernard Barker. Washington reporters over the past weeks have been fed a variety of unflattering facts about former reelection committee aide G. Gordon Liddy and former White House aide E. Howard Hunt, Jr., both of whom have been identified as allegedly involved in planning and directing the raid. To some observers it appeared that Liddy, Hunt and the men captured were being set up as independent operators, but using money that in effect was "stolen" from Nixon committee campaign funds to finance their illegal eavesdropping activities. Possible conviction on such charges could involve—in a well-publicized political case—extended sentences. It was against the uneasy prospect of an impending indictment that Barker, along with his lawyer, agreed to be interviewed under ground rules they set up which skirted the Watergate raid except for the obvious—that Barker was in on the raid. The resultant story hardly justified the front page *Times* news play except for the implication that others, perhaps higher up, were involved but not named. On that point Barker's attorney Henry G. Rothblatt—who with experience in the Green Beret Vietnam murder case is no novice in using the press to help his clients—kept intervening in the discussion. When Barker was asked, "How many falls can you take for other people?", it was Rothblatt who indicated that although Barker, as a "good soldier" would "make the best of it," "we hope the officers will carry out their responsibilities." Barker seemed to pick up the implication of Rothblatt's remark—the officers being higher-ups in the Nixon organization—and said, "No, I won't go along with that. No. Just because I get in trouble I don't want anybody else to get in trouble." And though Barker's feeling to stand alone was clear, Rothblatt—like the good lawyer transmitting his message even clearer over the objections of his client—stated again: "I say the majors and the generals—the majors and the captains have their responsibility to help their troops." White House aide Charles Colson, whom speculation has linked to the Watergate affair, was a captain in the Marines.

Nixon's Businesslike Campaign

Impersonal, professional, tight control of a $40 million corporate-type structure—that sums up the Nixon reelection campaign organization. "This," in the words of one Nixon aide, "is now the pattern for the future."

With each election, campaigning has become more professionalized, but in 1972 something new was added—a law that requires candidates and their treasurers to report *all* funds raised and spent on their behalf. This, in effect, dictates central supervision of funds and of the campaign itself that is unprecedented at the national level. Previously, national campaign organizations served the candidate and his national advertising; citizens' groups that were started at the national level operated with relative independence in each state; state party organizations ran their own show, blending in with the presidential candidate when his plane dropped down for a day or an hour.

All this is being changed by the Nixon organization. The citizens' groups and the state organizations must have their financing approved by campaign finance chairman Maurice Stans. The various state committees to reelect the President got their seed money from the bulging coffers of the Washington parent organization—$250,000 to New York through August, $550,000 to California, $160,000 to John Connally's Democrats for Nixon in August, $25,000 to the Illinois committee way back in April. At least $2 million had been passed out by the end of August. Each state and each department within the complex national organization has a budget. With Stans and campaign director Clark MacGregor as chairmen, a budget group meets every week to trace the financial course of the campaign. "With a $250 billion government at stake," a participant said the other day, "it was about time [the presidential campaign] became businesslike."

How does a "businesslike" operation work? It's not easy to find out. For instance, Ed Nichols Associates, Inc., of Kensington, Maryland, is listed in a spending report as having received $18,155.70 for "registered voter computer tapes." When asked what tapes the payment was for, a spokesman for the firm said his contract with the Committee to Reelect the President forbids discussion, without approval, of what the firm was doing and how much it was receiving. The ques-

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tioner was directed to inquire at Nixon headquarters. Another example: Terrence O'Donnell, a presidential aide, is listed in the campaign spending reports as receiving reimbursement for travel on three occasions. Asked to describe his duties, O'Donnell referred the questioner to the White House press office, refusing even to disclose what his job was on the executive staff.

A broad outline of the proposed $40 million campaign was recently presented in *The Washington Post* and Nixon spokesmen indicate it was generally correct. According to the *Post's* Lou Cannon, $9 million will go for radio and television advertising; $2.5 million for fund-raising costs; $6 million for a national telephone operation; $12 million for a national storefront and get-out-our-vote effort; $2 million for general field operations and another $2 million for minor programs such as ballot security, literature, candidate support and the troop of surrogate speakers. Gone are the Washington headquarters volunteers; gone are the handful of paid workers; gone are the informal groups operating on their own. In their places sit a paid staff of more than 350 with dozens of $30,000 per year specialists and almost a hundred more in the $20,000 category—salaries larger than any heretofore known in a presidential race. John Mitchell, perhaps, set the pattern during his short tenure as chairman. He was taking down $5000 per month (a $60,000 a year salary) from the campaign group while, according to another report on file, his old law firm paid him $15,000 a month in both April and May and $10,000 in June, July and August. Even the men way down the ladder who are putting together the ethnic and specialty campaigns are not eating bologna sandwiches: Paul Jones, director of the black liaison committee has been drawing $1800 a month; Kenneth Reitz, the youth director, $1900; Webster Todd, former executive director of the White House Conference on Aging and now campaign director for the elderly, $2240; Clayton Yeutter, agriculture director, $2300; Lawrence Y. Goldberg, director of the Jewish drive, $1800. The monthly payroll for the reelection committee alone topped $400,000 by August.

Then there are consultants. Tom Scott, a former member of the pro football New York Giants, is recruiting athletes. In the old days that was a part-time, volunteer job. Scott works almost full time and has received a fee of over $2000 some months. A New York City rabbi, David Luchins, was listed as getting a consulting fee of $1125 in August, while another rabbi, Seymour Siegal, also from New York, was reimbursed for two trips during the month. Universal City Studios in Hollywood, home base for some stars supporting Nixon, has received what is described as a "celebrities consultant fee" of $1596 or more for several months. The Nixon campaign fund-raising department itself has a paid staff of 50; four years ago it consisted of volunteers plus six on salary.

Through the end of August, the Finance Committee to reelect the President reported raising $21 million. Chances are the figure is several million higher when you add funds raised and spent before April 7, when the campaign fund reporting law went into effect. In addition, the Republican National Committee has raised another $3 million plus, all of which indirectly supports Nixon's reelection bid. In short, almost $25 million had already been taken in for the campaign by August 31, two months before traditional preelection day contributing got underway.

Money, more of it than any presidential campaign has ever had, allows for overstaffing and also for some odd staffing. For example, payroll records for August 31 show $360.35 went to Jan C. Ehrlichman as a secretary in the Youth Division and $429.48 went to Peter Scott Ehrlichman, an assistant on the committee. That same report showed Harry Haldeman receiving $338.02 as a committee assistant. The three are children of President Nixon's two top White House aides. Then there is Clifford Miller, a public relations man from Los Angeles. He regularly gets $2000 a month from the reelection committee for PR advice given, according to one soured GOP aide, primarily to H. R. Haldeman. Murray Chotiner, who is said to be running the ballot security operation never appears on its payroll. Yet hardly a week goes by that he fails to collect $1000 or more for travel expenses.

Another big expense—in the past usually the biggest—is for radio and television advertising. Here, again, the Nixon organizers are trying something new. They have set up their New York City-based ad agency—the November Group—and have been pumping money into it (at least $300,000 recorded between April 7 and mid-August). Whether records will show how the agency spends that money remains to be seen. But by setting up their own group, the Nixon people keep a firm hand on ad activities (remember *The Selling of the President*), and are relieved of paying any agency commission for placement of ads.

There is of course the normal spending that accompanies almost every presidential campaign. Thus, the Nixon people paid Hawthorn Books, Inc., of New York, $42,000 in July for a reported 30,000 copies of *Eye on*

To Our Readers

Walter Pincus has joined the staff of this journal as an associate editor. He has been an investigative reporter for the *Washington Star*, a writer and editor for *The Washington Post*, and has contributed to *Life*, *The Atlantic*, *New York*, *The Reporter*, *The New Republic* and to NBC Television news. He also has run two investigations for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee: the Symington subcommittee inquiry into military commitments abroad 1969-1970, and an investigation of foreign lobbying.

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Nixon—the picture book of White House photos with an introduction by Julie Eisenhower and captions by White House aide Bill Safire. Hawthorn, whose president and chief executive officer is Nixon supporter W. Clement Stone, brought out 50,000 copies according to its spokesman and has sold 10,000 in addition to those purchased by the Nixon group. Sources in the book industry say the guarantee of the campaign committee purchase would be enough to support publication of the book. The Nixon group has also placed ads in the specialty magazines—normally too long-term and costly for past presidential campaigns. There will be a page in the October *Ebony* ($6367) with a special appeal to blacks; a page in *Successful Farming* ($6655) and one in *VFW*, the Veterans of Foreign Wars publication ($2913) under the headline "Draft Dodgers." There seems to be plenty of money for frills. A Miami firm collected over $20,000 from the reelection committee for Nixon shirts. Another $11,670 went for "RN '72" pins and even $500 to a Flushing, NY woman for Nixon hair bows.

Some might consider it interesting that last month the Nixon committee paid for two paper shredders purchased from a business machine company in the Washington area. Or that Jackson, Gray & Laskey, the Washington law firm whose partner, Kenneth Parkinson, accompanied John Mitchell to his deposition hearing on the Watergate case, received $13,773.81 in "legal expenses" in mid-July, one month after the break-in attempt, and another $22,376 in late August. Or that two FBI agents received transportation reimbursements totaling $243.06 in August from the committee. The FBI explanation: the agents were traveling —at the request of the late FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover —with Mrs. Mitchell after the attorney general had transferred to the committee chairmanship.

Two big new projects are in the works. The first is the continued computerization of fund-raising and the expansion of the long-term direct mail effort. Close to 500,000 persons are on record as Republican contributors and that list should grow in coming months. It provided enough money for a modest Republican organization during the Johnson years, and at its present rate promises to be the source of more than enough money for an ever-expanding GOP organization.

To that potential must be added the most ambitious program of all—a massive centrally controlled direct mail and telephone pitch to millions of registered voters this fall. Ed Nichols in Maryland is not alone in providing a computerized list of registered voters to the Nixon committee. Other firms in Van Nuys, San Diego, New York, Boston, Chicago, in New Jersey and in the Midwest, turn up being paid for similar lists. University Computing Co. of Dallas got over $320,000 for "computer services for voter registration" in August. What emerges is not just that the Nixon people will be doing enormous mailings between now and November—although they already have paid a Chicago printer $123,530 as an "advance payment for a national mailing." These registered voters, their addresses and telephone numbers seem destined for a permanent computerized data bank, available for use during off years and election years for what could be vastly expanded activity by the GOP national organization.

Centralized national political control confirmed by campaign fund legislation, permanent sources of money, a data bank of all registered voters combined with the new techniques of direct mail and telephone contacts make the current activities of the Nixon organization—or whoever is to follow—far more important than just the reelection of the President. They present the opportunity for sharply changing the previously dormant nature of American national politics during the years between presidential campaigns.

Walter Pincus

The Nixon Watch

Mandate Wanted

Near the close of the President's August 29 press conference in California, he spoke with some incoherence and great earnestness of a feeling that he has about the country and of why he hopes to be reelected by the popular majority that the voters denied him in 1968. The feeling that he expressed, not very clearly, is that the country has recovered from the assassinations and other turmoils that were tearing it apart four years ago and is ready now for "a new sense of mission, a new sense of confidence, a new sense of purpose as to where we are going." Although his actual words were that a new sense of mission, confidence and purpose is "what we need in this country," he seemed to me to be trying to say that the country not merely needs such a new sense but is ready for it and he is the leader who can supply it. After a defensive digression into what he and his administration are and are not ("the President of the United States is not the number-one war-maker of the world"), he said that he was coming "back to the point" and did so in these words: "We need a mandate, therefore, in which the President receives a clear majority. We are going to work for a clear majority and as big a one as we can get. We don't assume that it is going to be big, but it will be clear because there is not a third party candidate of significance."

Here was a guide to the kind of campaign that Mr. Nixon intends to conduct and is requiring his managers and surrogates to arrange. The objective is the biggest attainable majority for the President. A Nixon majority comes ahead, way ahead, of *Republican* ma-

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jorities for Senate, House, gubernatorial and other party candidates. A perception that this is true was one of the few divisive and troubling factors at the Miami Beach convention. The fights over future convention rules and procedure were enlivened and at times embittered by the obvious apprehension of many delegates that the welfare of the Republican Party was being subordinated to the welfare and anticipated triumph of Richard Nixon. The campaign fund that Walter Pincus discusses elsewhere in this issue is being collected and allotted primarily for a Nixon victory. The instrument relied upon to accomplish the victory is not the Republican National Committee but the White House adjunct that can't decide whether to call itself the Committee for the Reelection of the President, the Committee to Reelect the President, or the Committee to Reelect President Nixon. The day after he was renominated, Nixon urged young first-time voters in Utica, Michigan, to "get into the game" regardless of whether they are for him. His reelection committee, organizing a massive drive to register potential voters, takes a different tack. The committee's deputy director, Fred Malek, said last week that the million volunteer canvassers it hopes to mobilize are being told to "pass on to the next house" if they encounter citizens who aren't for Nixon.

When Senator Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania, the Republican minority leader, was asked at the White House the other day what the President plans to do by way of campaigning "on behalf of Republican candidates in the Senate," the most he could say was that he expects Mr. Nixon to make "a suitable announcement" in due course. The President indicated at his California press conference that he'd like to have a new Congress with Republican majorities in both houses but understands that the more realistic hope is for "a new majority in Congress made up of Republicans and Democrats who support what the President believes in." He also indicated something less than total confidence that a Republican Congress would be more likely than a Democratic Congress to enact Nixon legislation. The chief advantage to him, he suggested, would be that "at least we could have responsibility for leadership." Given the practical certainty that Republican majorities in the Senate and House would include a sizable proportion of conservatives who regard Mr. Nixon as a crypto-liberal and distrust much of his foreign and domestic policy, I suspect that the President prefers a Congress dominated by Democrats who may discern in a decisive majority of popular votes for him the "positive mandate" that he longs for and may be moved by it to "support what the President believes in." He came close to admitting as much when he remarked in California, "I am honest enough to say that there are several Democrats in the House and several (Democratic) senators without whose support I could not have conducted the foreign policy of the United States over these past four years."

The emphasis upon a maximum popular majority for the President explains a good deal of otherwise odd behavior around and near Mr. Nixon. At a time when the polls predict a Nixon landslide and might be expected to instill overwhelming confidence in his spokesmen, they have been acting as if they were a pack of frightened losers. What alarms them is not the prospect of defeat—few if any of them believe that is possible—but another narrow victory comparable to the one in 1968, when 43.4 percent of the popular vote gave Nixon 301 of 538 electoral college votes. The President is telling his people to ignore the enormous spread of 30 points and more indicated for him over McGovern in the national polls and to heed instead the margins, running around eight to 10 points, indicated in such big and critical states as California, Illinois, Pennsylvania and New York. That's good for now, he is saying, but it's too close for complacence when the hazards of this or any campaign are considered. He's saying that he will be unhappy with less than 55 percent of the popular vote on November 7 and delighted with anything over that. The gist of his private admonitions is that the result is almost certain to be considerably closer than the national polls predict and that the "positive mandate" he seeks has to be fought for as fiercely as it would have to be if he were the probable loser.

This is why the Nixon pose of a cool and confident incumbent, giving first priority at this stage of the campaign to his "responsibilities to conduct the presidency," cracked open during the three weeks after he was renominated. Senator George McGovern's charge that big grain traders had advance and inside knowledge of the Soviet Union's huge and unexpected purchases of American wheat and did farmers out of millions in profits from rising prices could have been ridden out in stolid silence, on the reasonably safe assumption that most voters would conclude that it's the sort of thing that naturally happens in an enterprise economy. Instead, Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz bellowed denial after denial, thus furthering the impression that Senator McGovern had touched a sore nerve and that the administration had something to hide. The intense White House and reelection committee reaction to the Democrats' skillful play upon the electronic bugging of their national committee offices and the Republican reluctance to identify the contributors of $10 million or more in Nixon campaign money similarly served to magnify rather than diminish the impression that people who are very close indeed to Richard Nixon are responsible for serious political malfeasance.

Perhaps the most revealing show of excessive anxiety, however, was the staged and, on its face, ridiculous pledge that a second Nixon administration will not recommend increases in anybody's federal

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taxes if the President is reelected. On a single day at the White House, Congressman Gerald Ford of Michigan and Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler and John D. Ehrlichman, the assistant for domestic affairs, were trotted forth in succession to assert and justify this insupportable pledge. The performance was intended to promote the campaign theme that "a vote for George McGovern is a vote for higher taxes." That is probably true, but the President's spokesmen talked themselves into an awful and unnecessary tangle with their transparent effort to make the most of what they take to be a popular line and a useful point against McGovern. Ehrlichman, the principal promoter of the line, had to acknowledge that circumstances beyond the President's control may require an increase in federal taxes and that Mr. Nixon's rather vague undertaking to enable states and localities to reduce property taxes cannot be fulfilled unless additional sources of federal revenue are found. Ehrlichman tried to but couldn't talk his way around the plain fact that the new tax reforms that the President keeps promising and failing to disclose after 19 months of study are bound to entail increases in some federal taxes and decreases in others if they are to be meaningful. All in all, the performance amounted to a sorry display of avoidable confusion and provided evidence in proof of the cliché that if anybody can blow the prospective Nixon victory, it's Richard Nixon.

John Osborne

Fiesta at Espanola

Doubts about McGovern

by Paul R. Wieck

Espanola, NM

They came by the thousands, hiking through the sage from the access roads lined with miles of parked cars to a treeless site on which a school rededicated to John F. Kennedy had been built in this valley rimmed by the purple cast of the Sangre de Cristo mountains. They were small farmers and ranchers with names like Chacon and Baca whose ancestors had followed the conquistadores to northern New Mexico nearly 400 years ago, now wearing their straw broad-brimmed hats, their wives in prints and their children scampering about. There were young professional men with their miniskirted wives, Anglos drawn to the tricultural society of Albuquerque and Santa Fe; Indians from nearby pueblos, some of them in costume for the Sunday afternoon barbecue that is part of the political culture of the "native" counties; busloads of party regulars from as far away as the East Side where the culture has a distinctly Texas flavor; students from the universities and colleges in Albuquerque and Santa Fe, their hair to their shoulders and their signs in hand, perhaps as many as 20,000, standing in deep lines for their beef and beans for hours before Sen. Joseph Montoya introduced his party's presidential nominee in glowing terms. It was the largest crowd that had gathered to hear George McGovern on a campaign swing then a week old.

Polls show McGovern trailing better than 2-1 (67 to 27) in this traditionally Democratic state. Party nominees for congressional offices have tough races. Their surveys show slightly over half the voters think it would be a mistake for *any* candidate to tie himself to McGovern; thus, Rep. Harold Runnels (D), who represents the more conservative southern and eastern portions of the state, where three-fourths of the voters feel that way, stayed in Washington. So did Sen. Clinton Anderson, the only man whose endorsement really helps, according to the surveys. Anderson continues to maintain a discreet silence after being defeated for national committeeman by a McGovern backer and then being denied a delegate slot.

At the airport, I was told McGovern better "stay away from this quota business." By the time we reached the motel McGovern was using for "rest and relaxation" over the weekend, local people (not Anglos) were saying McGovern made a "bad mistake" in condemning the shooting of a La Raza Unida delegate at a filling station in southern New Mexico as "a senseless act of insanity." All the facts weren't known, they warned. And people in this area are sensitive to prejudicing a case that will go to trial.

McGovern acted quickly to repair some of the damage. At a Saturday morning press conference (he

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arrived Friday evening), he retracted his statement on the shooting, explaining the telegram was sent by a member of his staff without his knowledge; the staff member had been reprimanded.

The "quota" question wasn't as easy. Montoya, under pressure in recent years from Chicano activists and anxious to protect his position as the top elected official of Spanish descent in the country, had urged McGovern to make a "policy statement" at Espanola. McGovern agreed. But the wording was a problem. During the California primary, McGovern made a 10-point commitment to the Chicano community that included a promise to hire Spanish-speaking "in reasonable relationship" to their proportion of the population. This smacks of the kind of "quota" which has upset working-class whites, particularly in New York City. In addition, McGovern staffers had to work around a set of 24 demands presented by the "Latino caucus" at the Democratic National Convention and a condensed version of this prepared by Montoya's staff.

On Sunday, he issued an "agenda" for "Spanish-surnamed Americans" (that terminology is favored by many in northern New Mexico over such terms as Chicano). He promised "full funding" of bilingual education, efforts to assure justice, economic opportunities and full participation in the nation's political life—all items of general acceptability. On hiring policies, McGovern side-stepped any statement that could be interpreted as a "quota." He condemned Nixon's 16-point program for the Spanish-speaking on the grounds that "only 2.9 percent of Civil Service employees are Latinos" and "the majority are in the lower grades" while only 45 persons are in grades "where policy and priority are made." He then promised "to remedy gross underrepresentation and insure Latino and other minorities input in program funding and development," terminology his supporters can privately say means the same thing as a "quota."

His choice of northern New Mexico for such a speech is interesting. Settled by the Spanish before Jamestown or Plymouth Rock (Santa Fe was founded in 1598), the area has been firmly controlled by their successors ever since. One often searches in vain for an "Anglo" name on any list of elected officials, from the school board to the courthouse to the legislature. It's an intensely political community. Half of the state's four-member congressional delegation is Spanish-surnamed. Three of 10 elected state officials (the lieutenant governor, a land commissioner and a corporation commissioner) are Spanish-surnamed, as is one of the Supreme Court justices. Probably better than half the state employees are Spanish-surnamed. Not bad for a community with under 30 percent of the total state population.

It's also an integrated state, culturally and socially. Rep. Manuel Lujan, Jr. (R) is married to an Anglo girl. His opponent, Gene Gallegoes, is half Anglo and is married to an Anglo. Two of Montoya's brothers are married to Anglo women. The late Sen. Chavez' daughter married an Anglo. No social stigma is attached to such bicultural marriages; in fact, the old "patron" families have always been among the social elite of the state.

New Mexico, however, has far more than its share of poor, hidden away on small, dirt farms and in tiny villages in the mountains. Many have language problems. Over the years, many of the Spanish have lost their lands to invading Anglos (often from Texas) under questionable circumstances and the crusade of Reies Lopez Tijerina to recover the land grants of the Spanish crown several centuries back stirred the latent animosities of many of the underprivileged. Thus, many of McGovern's promises were welcomed by the thousands who gathered at Espanola but the loudest cheers greeted his promise to end the war.

Nor is the fertile territory for La Raza Unida, the third-party movement that began among the oppressed Mexican-Americans in south Texas, where a small minority of wealthy Anglos have long controlled the economy and the politics of the area. To break that hold, Jose Angel Gutierrez and his followers in Crystal City organized La Raza Unida. They're fighting for the political dominance the Spanish-speaking in northern New Mexico have always enjoyed, for the cultural acceptance that's a way of life in northern New Mexico despite the influx of Texans into other parts of the state. They're fighting a system that has a special brutality for a first- or second-generation Mexican-American in a rural or small-town setting. They're also fighting in Texas where only two of 23 House members are Mexican-American (a third, Abe Kazen, is married to a Mexican-American woman), where their candidates are overwhelmed on a state level but where their votes are critical to the liberal coalition.

La Raza Unida is a special concern in Texas. Its leaders failed to support State Rep. Frances T. (Sissy) Farenthold in the gubernatorial primary despite her deep concern for their problems and are now demanding support from the Farenthold camp for their own gubernatorial candidate, an attractive young Waco, Texas, man named Ramsey Muniz. This defection of an important militant group from the main struggle for control of Texas often leaves the liberal coalition at the mercy of the old-style "money" politicians who flourish in Spanish-speaking communities across the Southwest. In Texas, the activities of La Raza Unida are of special concern to the McGovernites, hard-pressed as they are to try to put together a coalition of blacks, Mexican-Americans, students, blue-collar Democrats and upper-middle-class liberals to carry the state. In 1968, the Yarborough forces put this coalition together for Humphrey but only by a narrow margin. In 1972, it's going to be more difficult.

There's also reason for concern in California where the Mexican-American community has been systemat-

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ically short-changed over the years. They lose every legislative reapportionment battle, even those controlled by their erstwhile friends in the Democratic party. They watch as the major funding of social programs pours into the black community (it was this that caused Martin Castillo, the Los Angeles attorney, to desert the Democrats for Nixon in 1968 and become Nixon's man for a few years). So La Raza Unida has a special attraction for militants in California while the GOP continues to chip away at the growing Mexican-American middle class with prestige appointments.

Although La Raza Unida has been effective in local politics in south Texas, a viable third-party movement among the Spanish-speaking in the Southwest is a long way off. Tijerina tried it without success in New Mexico. In Colorado, a third-party movement among the Spanish-speaking minority has been underway for several years but has yet to decide an election.

Nor is this the only minority to be considered in the Southwest. Arizona and New Mexico have large concentrations of Indians whose political awareness has been growing and who are "up for grabs" this year. For the first time, large numbers of Indians from some of the culturally conservative tribes (such as the Pueblos up and down the Rio Grande) are registering to vote. Relations between the Spanish-speaking and the Indians aren't always the best when it comes to politics. Not only was it the Spanish (rather than the Anglos) who conquered them a few centuries back, but the Spanish-speaking politicos are reluctant to surrender any of their political power to the awakening Indians. Now a few Indian leaders are Republican. A struggle is going on in Sandoval County, NM, the home county of Montoya. There, the Indians are half the population. They're registering and teaming up with the Anglo minority to wrest control from the Spanish to the embarrassment of Montoya (his brother is one of the targets of this new coalition).

While McGovern's national managers worried about La Raza Unida to the extent of firing off a hasty telegram their candidate had to retract, his local workers have taken a far more pragmatic approach. In New Mexico, they've gone about helping register large numbers of new voters (about 40,000 Democrats by their figures), usually working through community organizations that reach the poor, through tribal leaders on the reservations, through black groups. At that level, the McGovern campaign retains the grass-roots approach that made it so successful in the primaries and that, in the long run, is the dream of the thousands who rallied behind him in the first place.

It's not easy to integrate that kind of movement with a national campaign, as was illustrated by the constant hassle between the local McGovern people and his national traveling staff during his brief stay in New Mexico. One got the impression that no one's really in charge. In New Mexico, Montoya has been named to head the campaign; however, the local McGovern people did not include him on the list of dignitaries to greet McGovern when he arrived at the airport. That honor was accorded Gallegoes, the congressional candidate, while Montoya was slated for a private breakfast the next morning. Once in Albuquerque, a fight started over who McGovern should see on Saturday, a day set aside by his national staff for "rest and relaxation" with the exception of a $50 per couple cocktail party and a private fund-raiser set up by the national finance staff so secret even Montoya wasn't told. But McGovern's local people scheduled Gov. Bruce King, who has been poor-mouthing McGovern, and a delegation of 20 leaders from the various Pueblo tribes. The argument over whether he should see them raged on and on. When King arrived, he was turned away with the comment "I don't care what you're governor of, you can't see the senator." Then, several hours were spent tracking him down to apologize. He appeared at the rally the next day to endorse the ticket. The local people blamed Dick Dougherty, McGovern's press secretary, while the national people said it was the Secret Service. (Whoever it was is said to have confused King, a tall, strapping blond Anglo always clothed in cowboy garb, with one of the Pueblo governors.) The Pueblo governors, in turn, waited until the last moment before it was certain they would see McGovern, who was lounging at the hotel swimming pool. That night, the national staff traveling with McGovern and the traveling press were turned away from the cocktail party by the locals (on the argument they'd drink up all the profits, which is probably true), and Montoya and the state chairman didn't find out about the second fund-raiser until McGovern, himself, slipped down the hall to attend it.

Despite this confusion, the trip went off well. The crowd at Espanola was large, the "agenda" worded carefully enough to avoid charges of "racism" from moderate-to-conservative Democrats already disillusioned with their party's candidate and the telegram to La Raza Unida was retracted. Considering the pitfalls in McGovern's way all weekend, the picture the general public had of his visit was probably as positive as could be hoped for.

McGovern has yet to catch fire, state candidates look upon his candidacy as a special kind of burden to carry and the wrangling on a staff level continues. There's a special tragedy in this. Everywhere you go, there's general agreement the voters don't really want to re-elect Nixon. The war is bothering people again. Inflation is hurting. Corruption is in the air (the Watergate affair, the grain deal, etc.). No one doubts McGovern's sincerity, his personal honesty. But everyone seems to doubt his capacity to govern, a doubt that isn't allayed when he has to retract telegrams, when a governor who doesn't like him in the first place is turned away. It's very hard to get the kind of "pluses" you need out of that kind of situation.

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Why They Listen to George Wallace

Those Blue-Collar Worker Blues

by Richard Parker

In April of 1970, Assistant Secretary of Labor Jerome Rosow placed on President Nixon's desk a memorandum entitled "The Problem of the Blue-Collar Worker." It began, "The social and economic status of blue-collar workers has become a subject of increasing concern in the last few years." Within a month blue-collar construction workers had organized "support Nixon" demonstrations throughout the country, and there was speculation that the New Deal coalition of workers, intellectuals and the Old South was finally about to collapse. This fact alone made blue-collar workers the object of rapt attention.

But Rosow's memorandum, whatever its political implications, was not concerned with the political future but with an economic present. Instead of finding security and contentment, he argued, many workers were finding themselves as hard pressed as ever. Forty percent of American families—a total of seventy million people—lived on incomes of $5000 to $10,000 a year during the late sixties. While this might seem a regal sum to survivors of the Depression, for today's worker caught in a web of never-ending debts and responsibilities it was more often barely enough to stay solvent. Rosow described the entrapment bluntly:

> The head of the household is usually a vigorous, fully employed blue-collar worker with heavy family responsibilities although many of this group are also in white-collar or service jobs. It is when his children reach their teens and family budget costs are at their peak that two things happen to the bulk of such male breadwinners:
> - They reach a plateau in their capacity to earn by promotion or advancement;
> - their expenses continue to rise, as the last family members are born, as they become homeowners, as car and home equipment pressures mount, as the children may become ready for college, or as aging parents need support.

Put simply, income was not keeping pace with need, the more so as needs became most critical.

Tracing the life of a typical steelworker, Rosow found that income exceeded need while the worker was young (presuming no savings and an extremely modest standard of living) but that by the time he had reached an earning peak in his mid-forties, family needs had completely outstripped his ability to satisfy them. Thus, although his income increased progressively, it increased at such a rate that he found himself falling farther and farther behind in the race to provide opportunities for his family. As Rosow admitted, steel is one of the best blue-collar professions.

But this was not the worker's only problem; it was just the most evident one. There traditionally have been these routes of escape from such a life: promotion to a supervisory post, becoming a small businessman, or moving into a white-collar job with better income expectations. (Although not all white-collar jobs offer such increased expectations.) This was the formula stressed by all nineteenth-century apologists of capitalism, and is still the most touted means of escape today for lower-middle-class workers.

Contrary to the myth, however, chances for advancement are dramatically scarce. A study of eleven major industries showed that one-third of all nonsupervisory jobs were "dead-end" (*i.e.*, offering no further advancement), and that another significant proportion offered only single-stage advancement. Rosow noted that lack of opportunity was compounded by the lack of adequate adult education for workers, either on the job or in the community colleges originally created to aid the worker. And to these factors he added discrimination against older workers, lack of detailed free information about other kinds of jobs, and the high cost of private employment agencies for those who try to escape.

"The result," declared Rosow, "is that, when general wage rate increases are added to increased individual earnings due to promotion, real income has somewhat less than doubled in the past two decades, which is still not enough to cover the cost of the same standard of living throughout the period. Males aged 45 to 54 in 1968 who had one to three years of high school—the educational level typical of blue-collar workers in that age group—had increased their incomes by only 84 percent between 1949 and 1968."

Thus, if a worker wished to maintain the standard of living he enjoyed before marriage, Rosow concluded he must do so by one of the following means:

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1. Having saved when he was young (which he didn't do); or
2. moonlighting on a second part-time job, or
3. having his wife work even in spite of the obstacles to doing so; or
4. continuing pressure for wage increases.

The folly or hardship of these choices is not difficult to discern: Rosow ruled out the first; the second, moonlighting, means working on top of a regular 40-hour week that often includes overtime, which imposes a physical burden as well as a familial hardship; and the fourth, continued pressure for wage increases, has led to reciprocal price rises that only feed the inflationary spiral.

The only viable alternative left to the blue-collar family is sending the wife to work. Thus in two out of five blue-collar families the wife already works and census statisticians predict that this percentage will rise over the next several decades. But unlike professional families, where the wife's labor is seen as a welcome contribution or a natural outgrowth of her desire for varieties of experience, in the blue-collar family, employment of the wife may impose sizable burdens. Among unskilled and older families especially, the new roles imposed by economic necessity have undermined role differentiation between husband and wife, left children without proper care, and forced upon families life-styles that have led to conflict and divorce.

The plight of the blue-collar worker is not as surprising as the recent growth of interest in it. Until the late sixties little concern had been generated over the condition of the working man. Neglect fed on the mythology of their middle-class affluence and the news media's interest in more explosive problems. Working-class attitudes were rarely presented, and then only in a critical light. Blue-collar resentment against blacks, for example, was constantly interpreted by liberal journalists as a sign of prejudice. Accounts of fair-housing demonstrations similarly stressed the right of the Negro to equal housing, without regard for the blue-collar worker's unwillingness to see his neighborhood and home threatened by social experimentation. Construction workers' protests were given short shrift by many of the big city newspapers and weekly news magazines as examples of histrionic xenophobia.

What few reporters took time to point out was that, whatever the immediate issue—race or the Vietnam war or longhaired students—much of the workers' dissatisfaction stemmed from an underlying dissatisfaction with the quality of their own lives. To some critics, continued dissatisfaction seemed impossible: Herman Miller, a well-known specialist on income, for example, tried to deny the "blue-collar disenchantment" by pointing to both the vast quantity of material goods available to workers and the opportunities they still had for advancement. He concluded, "The success of blue-collar workers can be most clearly seen in their own expressed attitudes. Opinion surveys show that union members now see themselves as part of the solid majority and not as a group that is alienated or that is struggling to establish its identity."

Miller's statement is misleading. To consider a "solid majority" as alienated may seem a contradiction of the term "alienation," but in fact it is at the root of the crisis of the lower middle class. Modern psychology has tended to restrict the term alienation to individual crises, but in its nineteenth-century conception it was a designation for a class crisis. Thus Miller's claim that "union members now see themselves as part of the solid majority" overlooks the possibility that the entire "solid majority" feels alienated in the original sense of the word—a sense of powerlessness over their lives and a sense of revolt over their apparent destinies. In a cover story entitled "The Troubled American: A Special Report on the White Majority," *Newsweek* found after months of interviews and investigation that "the white majority [is] profoundly troubled . . . . There is a heavy undertone of resentment—a dark suspicion that the rules are being changed in the middle of the game, that the dice are loaded in somebody else's favor. But at bottom, the mood adds up to a nagging sense that life is going sour—that, whatever is wrong, the whole society has somehow lost its way." Rosow found this same quality of dissatisfaction and discouragement, and underlined "the fear of being forgotten" as a common condition of the lower-income American.

The fear of becoming "the Forgotten American," as President Nixon has called the lower middle class, has several dimensions. On the most immediate level, that of job satisfaction, the worker is acutely aware of the declining status of manual labor. "While the nation has in recent years sold the importance of science and technology to our younger people," declared the Rosow report, "it has neglected to communicate the importance of some ten million skilled blue-collar workers who are responsible for transforming the ideas of scientists and the plans of engineers into tangible goods and services." Consequently, "according to union leaders, the blue-collar worker increasingly feels that his work has no 'status' in the eyes of society, the media, or even his own children."

Second, this loss of status is an accurate reflection of economic reality. Automation has carved deep into the ranks of blue-collar jobs: for example, between 1951 and 1963 employment in the steel industry declined by 20 percent while steel output remained the same. The resulting insecurity makes blue-collar employment unattractive to new workers. Young men seek out other kinds of employment, while older men continue to work, waiting for retirement and hoping their union will protect them in the interim.

Third, the much vaunted material progress made by workers is in many ways illusory. Most often over-

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looked is the critical fact that blue-collar workers have actually lost the economic momentum they reached in the early postwar years. From the rapid gains of wartime, workers have again fallen behind managers and professionals in their drive to increase income. Price increases have cut sharply into blue-collar buying power: in five recent years, because of inflation, workers actually lost ground in terms of real purchasing power, from a high of $78.53 per week in 1965 down to $77.28 five years later. Added to this are the especially rapid rises in the cost of necessities that hit the lower middle class the hardest: between 1958 and 1968, according to *The Wall Street Journal*, daily hospital care went up 101 percent; auto insurance 44 percent; physicians' fees 38 percent; property insurance 36 percent.

But the dilemma of economic status and security represents only one level of the workers' alienation. Over the past decade, workers have watched what they consider a steady degradation of the values and customs they consider essential to "the real America." The civil rights struggle of the early sixties placed a great strain on social mores that had evolved over many decades, mores workers considered almost inviolable. Often these values were not explicitly racist, but did contain (as blacks correctly charged) an implicit racism equally damaging to the civil rights cause. But these values seemed logical and necessary to workers. They accepted the traditional American belief that "each man makes it on his own," and had little understanding or sympathy for the special treatment they thought blacks were receiving from the government. After all, many of the workers were from ethnic minorities themselves, and whatever the facts, they firmly believe they had made their own way.

Compounding frustration over civil rights were the protests by the young against the war in Vietnam. Workers, irrespective of their personal gripes over jobs or income, have always been strongly "pro-American" and "anti-Communist." The "Americanism" of many of them is easily parodied but not easily ignored; George Meany has forced cancellation of an American contribution to the UN's International Labor Organization because a Russian had been appointed as one of the organization's five assistant directors. None of this means that workers in general are either racists or xenophobic super-patriots. A pluralism of viewpoints exists in the labor movement as strongly as it does elsewhere, and many of the attitudes expressed by workers are still strongly progressive.

On the other hand, the lower middle class is the strongest supporter of traditional American virtues by persuasion and necessity, and their crisis is caused by what they perceive to be the steady erosion of these virtues. "The values we all held so dear are being shot to hell," one man told *Newsweek*. "Everything is being attacked—what you believed in, what you learned in school, in church, from your parents. So the middle class is sort of losing heart. They had their eye on where they were going and suddenly it's all shifting sands." Or as Paul Jacobs said, "When the hippies go to Woodstock, they are building a new community of their own. The worker's community is disintegrating. He doesn't know where to find a new one. So he keeps harking back to the old days and the old values. But it is not possible to go back. And there is no new community to replace the old."

The feelings of loss, of confusion, of being caught going down an up escalator are all exacerbated by government and the media. The lower middle class often feels, justifiably, that the attention given various protesting minorities vastly outweighs their numbers, and that the lives and worries of the "un-black, un-young, unprotesting middle American" are neglected.

The old adage that America practices "socialism for the rich and free enterprise for the poor" is also strongly felt by the deprived lower middle class. Faced with agricultural subsidies, oil depletion allowances, expense accounts, and various other boons to the rich, and welfare, job opportunity programs, small business loans, and now perhaps a guaranteed income for the poor, the lower middle class reacts with either numb resignation or bitter resentment. They feel they are forgotten by government, a suspicion supported by the government's investigators themselves.

Rosow, for instance, pointed out several deficiencies in the government's aid (or lack of it) to the lower middle class. Although an official of the Nixon administration, he bluntly argued that the Tax Reform Act of 1969 "does not provide adequate relief" for the lower middle class because the basic tax structure "gives only small recognition to family size considerations." A married couple with an $8000 income and two children will receive some tax relief when the bill takes effect in 1973, but the saving is almost insignificant. Furthermore, present tax deductions for dependents are "token in character," says Rosow, and actually "provide more at higher income levels than at lower or moderate levels." Moreover, the size of the tax deduction bears no relation to the age of the children, even though budget costs are higher for older children. Finally, the government makes no provision for tax relief as family education costs rise, a burden that becomes especially acute when families try to send their children to college.

Added to the failures of the federal tax system is the clear regression in state and local taxes, which hits the worker harder than anyone. Last year the average state and local tax bill for a lower-middle-class family was $700. Because state and local taxes rely so heavily on property and sales taxes, necessary expenditures such as food, housing and gasoline are taxed, while discretionary income (which makes up continuously larger portions of affluent income) escapes. The result is that the poor and the lower middle class pay, while

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the upper middle class and rich go free. In percentage terms, the President's Council of Economic Advisers made this pattern clear: in 1965, those earning less than $2000 paid 25 percent of their income in state and local taxes; those earning between $2000 and $6000 paid 10.5 percent; and those earning between $6000 and $10,000 paid 9 percent. By contrast, those earning more than $15,000 paid only 7 percent. No elaborate arithmetic is needed to see what this progression means.

To add to his difficulties, many of the welfare programs financed by the worker's taxes are legally unavailable to him. Child-care expenses, necessary for a working mother, are not deductible for families earning more than $6900 a year, and with the passage of President Nixon's welfare reforms this situation will become worse. Welfare mothers will be able to leave their children at day-care centers free of charge or at subsidized rates; working-class mothers will have to bear the full expense themselves, often as much as $40 per week. Other programs such as job retraining and welfare subsidization are similarly closed to the lower-middle-class worker, even though the margin between a worker and a welfare recipient may be only a few hundred dollars.

The theme of neglect, of being forgotten, reappears constantly in the worker's life. In buying a home for his family he is faced with the same tight market faced by the poor. The House Banking Committee's finding that less than a quarter of new housing now sells for under $20,000 means that many workingmen must either settle for older housing, or content themselves with trailer or apartment living. If he chooses to go ahead with a home purchase (as most Americans still do) he will find himself strapped with a mortgage that over a 20 or 30 year period will cost him more than double the initial cost of the house. Interest alone will consume 3½ years of a blue-collar worker's wages.

If he or a member of his family falls ill or suffers a serious accident, neglect will often be the common treatment. Workers, because of the higher incidence of work-related injuries and because of their general attitudes toward health care, are more likely than the affluent to suffer illness or injury, but are less likely to receive decent medical care. A 1962 study of medical care received by New York City teamsters found that "45 percent of all cases hospitalized under union insurance plans received substandard care; 60 percent of the children hospitalized received less than optimal care . . . and 67 percent of nonsurgical cases received less-than-optimal care." Another study done at the same time showed that the average white-collar worker spent $169 per person on health care, service workers only $134, and blue-collar workers $123 (unskilled workers, $104). As Richard Lichtman bitterly observed, "We are involved in nothing less than distributing the chances for physical and mental well-being on the morally invidious basis of economic class."

What may be said of medicine may also be said of the law. America is a nation which prides itself on law; law-and-order is a big issue in the lower middle class, but it is the lower middle class (and the poor) who suffer most from the law's neglect. The president of the American Bar Association, quoted in *Time* magazine, acknowledged this fact and further remarked that the poor, because of legal aid and new legal services created by the War on Poverty, may actually be receiving better service from the law than the lower middle class. It is still true that lawyers are attracted by clients best able to pay, and too frequently workers and their families fall outside this category. A single call to a lawyer may cost $25 nowadays, and minor litigation seldom costs less than several hundred dollars. For the rich and the affluent, this may be expensive but not burdensome; for the poor, the state may often pay the bill. But the worker may be discouraged by the fees from seeking any help at all. In such cases, the lower middle class has little protection from the hucksters, loan companies, and dishonest merchants that are regular features of life on a marginal income.

And what is said of medicine and the law can be repeated *a fortiori* for most of the workingman's social relations. Life below the median income is life below the comfort zone. The outward signs of affluence—the home, the car, the paid vacation, and the occasional frills of modern appliances—that celebrants of American society have publicized are deceptive indices of security. Purchased to give security, as often as not they have only increased anxiety. An income of $5000 or $7000 or even $9000 cannot buy security for any family in America today; *at best* it can provide a sense of superiority to those millions who earn less. Such incomes provide little margin for saving; they are consumed almost entirely in the present, leaving the years to come in a limbo of union benefits, beneficent employers, and uninterrupted economic growth.

It has been popular for the past few decades to imagine that blue-collar workers have been making significant progress. The traditional reasons for such thinking have been rising wages and increased educational opportunities; a more novel one has been the gradual shift of the economy from an industrial to a service economy. We have seen that, rather than rising to some new plateau of security, workers have been caught in a bind of rising prices and more rapidly increasing financial obligations that made security harder and harder to achieve. But education, we commonly hear, is changing this situation, at least for some. Universal education through high school and ready access to college means social advancement for the bright and ambitious, and escape from the drudgery of the lower middle class.

This upward movement of a vast segment of society, however, is not all that it seems at first glance. First, the economy itself, as it comes to rely more and more

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on the skills of technology, continually upgrades educational requirements; thus like income, educational levels have continuously risen but so have educational requirements for good jobs. A college degree is no longer a status symbol or a guarantee of security.

Second, it is not at all apparent that the quality education necessary for professional and managerial jobs is being won by the lower-middle-class young. This is certainly true of the Ivy League schools and other private institutions of similar rank, where the median family income of students regularly falls well inside the top ten percent of the population. But it is also true of public schools, which were designed to overcome the elitism of private colleges and universities. Education officials in California found that enrollment at the state's universities and colleges followed class lines. A similar survey of the University of Wisconsin in 1964-65 showed that the median income of students' families was 50 percent above the median for the state as a whole. What seems to be happening is that higher education, rather than abolishing class lines, is acting to stablize them.

The third factor in the alleged amelioration of working-class life is technology. Automation has taken over more and more jobs; during the same period blue-collar labor has declined as a percentage of the total work force. To theorists of the New Class, this has meant that America is in a new phase, about to enter a new society in which the drudgery of labor will vanish in the movement toward leisure and the development of human potential.

But this hopeful notion neglects two facts. First, the nonmanufacturing sector, into which the bulk of new workers are pouring, actually pays lower average wages than does manufacturing. Second, the white-collar and service jobs seem to produce few of the benefits New Class writers predicted for them, such as less drudgery and more meaning in work.

In 1967 the average spendable (after tax) weekly income of production or nonsupervisory workers—blue- and white-collar alike—was less than $91. In manufacturing the average was $10 higher (and in construction, $43 higher), whereas in white-collar finance, insurance and real estate the average was $85; in retail and wholesale trade the average income was only $75 a week—just above the poverty level. The low average in trade is caused partly by a fairly large number of part-time workers, but not entirely. For example, the average *hourly* income in retail trade in 1967 was only $2.01, before deductions. Whatever the number of hours worked, $2.01 still ranks as a miserably low wage, especially if it must support an entire family. And in the service sector, the fastest growing segment of the labor market, wages are often worse. For example, building service workers and laundry and drycleaning workers earned only $64 a week; motel and hotel employees did even worse with only $56 a week. Yet these three fields alone employ over one million.

The National Industrial Conference Board, a private economic research organization, discovered similar patterns among white-collar office workers. They found that in large metropolitan areas (where wages would normally be highest) a wide variety of office jobs paid only one or two thousand dollars more than a poverty income. Thus the median income for secretaries ranged between $4000 and $6000; that of typists and stenographers between $4000 and $5000; and that of specialized clerks between $5000 and $7000.

Some economists have argued that such low wages are often supplemental incomes, and so do not have the dire consequences they seem to imply. It is true that roughly two-fifths of working-class families have a second wage-earner; but that fact yields several conclusions. First, it means that children are left unattended by their parents, with obvious psychological dangers. Second, it suggests that there are a great many miserably low-paying jobs in this country; if so many incomes need to be supplemented. In fact, ten million jobs pay less than the "minimum" wage.

Put more directly, these figures suggest that much of our so-called affluence has been achieved, not by any redistribution of income or wealth, but by a widespread adaptation to economic necessity. Rather than benefiting from an improved wage structure, workers have responded to the desires or imperatives of affluence by sending wives or other family members into the labor market. And apparently even then, if we take seriously the quantity of sub-median family incomes in America, these families have not been successful in reaching anything that might be called affluence.

Finally, the testimony of white-collar workers suggests that technology has meant little change in the basic conditions of labor. The conditions associated with factory assembly lines—the routine, the infinite division of labor that makes each task pointless and boring, the strict regimentation—have in many cases simply been transferred to the office building. *Newsweek*, in its investigation of middle America, surveyed not only production-line laborers, but white-collar workers as well, and found their complaints disturbingly similar. One man who worked in the headquarters of a large insurance company observed, "It's a womb-to-tomb life . . . . They lead you into the bathroom. You piddle. And then you go back and do your job. It becomes frustrating. You go home wondering, 'What the hell did I do today?' " A colleague apparently more content in his resignation, said, in a grotesque parody of Willie Loman, "What the hell, I made this bed. I made the choice, so I have to live with it. I'm just an average slob. They wind us up in the morning and we go all day. But is that so bad? On the whole I'm happy."

The fact is that the shift from a blue- to a white-collar has not altered the way many workers live their

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lives. An insurance salesman whose father was a foundryman, or a grocery checker whose father was a coal miner, retain values that popular sociology attributes to blue-collar workers exclusively. They retain traditional values because America has left them with traditional lives: forty-hour weeks and fifty-week years of uninviting, uninspiring, soul-destroying work. Perhaps they are better off sitting silently at their desks, peering around them at identical desks stretching in all directions, rather than standing in a noisy factory amid rows and rows of machines; but the final verdict is not yet in. The promises which the transition to a white-collar economy were supposed to fulfill have not been met: automation has not meant the end of drudgery, most jobs have not become more meaningful, and the leisure which we were all supposed to get ready for remains the reward of the privileged minority. There has been no shortening of the work-week in over forty years.

Back in the early sixties, when the poverty program was just getting underway, Leon Keyserling proposed that instead of limiting federal aid to the poor (officially. those with incomes below $3000), a second category – which he called "deprived" – should also be eligible for government assistance. The deprived were to be distinguished by the fact that they fell within our conventional notion of the middle-class majority: they were to be those families whose incomes ranged from the poverty line up to $5000 a year.

Keyserling, as a former member of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, probably realized that this plan had no chance to succeed. Even though the "deprivation" budget he put forward fell far short of anyone's idea of affluence, it was politically and economically explosive. First, in a Congress not clearly disposed to the idea of a War on Poverty of *any* kind, a War on Deprivation might well have sunk both programs. Second, Keyserling's program would naturally cost much more money. And third, and perhaps most important, had Keyserling's definition been accepted, 77 million people – one third of the American population – would have been officially revealed to be either poor or deprived. To a nation convinced of its own happy affluence, this would have been an intolerable insult.

And yet Keyserling's suggestion made perfect sense. Adjusted upward for inflation, his figures now approximate the Bureau of Labor Statistics' "lower" budget of $6567. Earlier, we classified all those families falling below the BLS budget as "poor"; the distinction is worth retaining. Keyserling's term deprivation is better employed to describe the condition of those millions of Americans who today live above such a poverty budget but below the bureau's more reasonable "intermediate" budget, which allows for few of the "luxuries" of an Affluent Society.

For such Americans, affluence is something to read about in advertisements; it is not something to experience.

Peter Barnes begins next week a three-part series on the way wealth is distributed in America.

Untangling the Busing Snarl

by Alexander M. Bickel

President Nixon, it is widely charged, is using the busing issue for purely political purposes, irresponsibly heightening racial tension and pandering to bigots. Busing children to school is a common practice throughout the country, and the amount of additional busing required by court decrees in racial cases is marginal. Busing, as the President and other unscrupulous politicians talk about it, is not an issue, but a code-word, a scare-word. So runs the charge.

But one man's code-word or scare-word is another man's symbol. No doubt, a great deal of busing goes on to which no one objects, and the busing to which the President draws attention is chiefly objected to not for itself, but because of the ends to which it is put. It *is* a handy symbol for those ends, however, and the President is not responsible for focusing attention on it; it is quite capable of drawing sufficient attention by itself. The question of ends is no false issue. It is

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serious, it has been a long time coming to a head and it will not go away. Its context is a dilemma posed by the decision in *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, now 18 years old, and its roots are in the ambivalence of the reasoning on which the *Brown* decision rested.

Brown decreed the end of legally enforced segregation. It is possible formally to abolish a system of legal segregation by simply wiping the laws that enforced it off the books. But if that had been all that *Brown* demanded, it would have amounted to a sham, since the law of segregation bespoke attitudes that were still widely held, and that would have continued to have effect. And so the *Brown* decision had to be administered in order that it might be made palpable. It had to be administered for the sake of maintaining the integrity and credibility of law. Dual school systems had to be visibly disestablished.

But when *was* a previously dual school system in fact disestablished; when could it be said to have become unitary? The courts groped for and were unable to find a principled answer to this question. Given the realities of American life and its pattern of racial as well as ethnic, and perhaps most particularly planned, residential and social separation, any answer short of enforced racial balance necessarily appeared arbitrary and incomplete; no more than a pragmatic, temporizing, political compromise.

By 1968, some rules of administration were reasonably well established and were achieving some visible results. But these rules still left all-black and all-white, or overwhelmingly white, schools in many places. Was that good enough? Could that situation now be described as *de facto*, and no longer *de jure* segregation, and could the courts sit back, satisfied that *Brown* had been complied with? And could they accept as *de facto*, and constitutionally unobjectionable, similar and sometimes even more massive racial concentration in schools in parts of the country that had never, or had not for better than half a century, enforced school segregation by law or by any other official action?

President Nixon's answer, in his statement on school desegregation of March 1970, was largely in the affirmative. We have tended, he said, to place "on the schools and the children too great a share of the burden of eliminating racial disparities throughout our society. A major part of this task falls to the schools. But they cannot do all or even most of it by themselves." This answer was unsatisfactory, however, to the traditional civil rights movement, white and black. No candid and public recognition of limits, of this or any other sort, was acceptable to those who had spent 15 years fighting for school desegregation in hundreds upon hundreds of Southern counties, because the struggle was symbolic as well as practical, and because they harbored an ever-present fear that any admission of limits would lead to backsliding.

As of 1970, applicable Supreme Court decisions left open considerable room for legislative action. But the President proposed none, and Northern liberals and moderates of both parties in Congress would hear of none. Proposals were made to give legislative guidance to the courts by presumptively, if not conclusively, defining the goals they should try to reach under *Brown* as either a neighborhood school system supplemented by state-supported transfers from black-majority into black-minority schools, or a system in which schools would have to conform to a black-white ratio within a certain range. Such proposals received no presidential endorsement and found no support among Northern liberals or moderates in the legislature.

Two and a half years later, much more drastic measures are in the offing. The President has sent up a bill forbidding any busing of pupils in the sixth grade and below that exceeds certain averages of present busing, and the House, with many Northern liberals not only joining in but actually taking the lead, passed a much more stringent bill, just about flatly mandating the neighborhood school, and allowing previously implemented desegregation plans to be reopened and rolled back to conform to the new mandates. All this in face of constitutional obstacles which did not exist in 1970, but which do exist today, as we shall see, because Supreme Court decisions have advanced considerably beyond the stage they had reached in 1970. The stringent House bill, or something like it, appears to have a fair chance of passage in the Senate, too. Such is the price of political timidity and of trying as long as possible to hide behind the judges' skirts.

It is to be added that the President's position is more respectable than that of Northern liberals who voted for the House bill, since the President's basic policy has been more or less consistent, and since 1970 he not only presided over but actively pushed to completion or to near-completion in the South a process of desegregation that could still be called that, rather than integration for racial balance.

During this same period, many lower federal courts, and in substantial measure ultimately the Supreme Court itself, rejected the policy expressed in the President's statement of March 1970, and blurred the distinction—uneasy and merely pragmatic, as it has always been—between desegregation on the one hand, and integration for racial balance on the other. One reason they did so is the original ambivalence in the Supreme Court's reasoning in the *Brown* case.

Of course, on its facts, *Brown* dealt only with *de jure*, legally enforced segregation; technically, this is all that was held unconstitutional. One branch of the holding in *Brown* is the simple, minimal proposition that the state may not, by legislation or administratively, in the schools or otherwise, classify the population along racial lines, except—and this point is problematic but the problem is not necessarily insoluble—for obviously

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remedial purposes. But another element in the *Brown* decision was the Supreme Court's concern not with race relations in general, but specifically with education. In this branch of its holding, the Court declared that separate schools are inherently unequal; they provide an inherently unequal education. This inequality is heightened, but merely heightened, when the separation has the sanction of law.

The implicit idea was that separate public schooling, whatever the cause of it or the means by which it was enforced, is unconstitutional because the function of the public school cannot be successfully performed unless children of all groups are taught in it together. If this is so, then the distinction between *de jure* and *de facto* segregation begins to vanish, and disestablishment of a legally enforced dual system cannot be said to have occurred until the maximum amount of integration has taken place. The task then is not to draw a pragmatic line, but to achieve a principled end beyond desegregation, namely, integration.

In a group of cases decided in April 1971, of which *Swann* v. *Charlotte-Mecklenburg Board of Education* was the chief one, the Supreme Court edged quite near this end. The distinction between *de jure* segregation and *de facto* separation was not abandoned. Hence it is arguable that the rule of the *Swann* case is not necessarily to be applied where one or another discrete instance of *de jure* segregation is discovered in a school system that is otherwise not "deliberately operated to carry out a governmental policy to separate pupils in schools solely on the basis of race." Whether this is so or not we may find out when the Court decides the Denver, Colorado case in which it granted *certiorari* earlier this year.

Again, it is an open question under *Swann* whether school district lines are subject to alteration by court decree. We may find out more about that as the Richmond, Virginia and Detroit cases develop further. This June, in the *Emporia* and *Scotland Neck*, N.C. cases, in decisions very much tied to particular facts, the Court held that creation of new school districts out of old ones may be prevented by judicial decree, where creation of the new district would adversely affect the process of desegregation. In the *Emporia* case, the Court divided five to four, partly because the majority emphasized the *effect* of school board action virtually to the point of ignoring its *purpose;* the majority, in other words, suggested that if the action of a school board (presumably past or present) had the effect of causing racial separation, it did not matter, or mattered very little, what its purpose or motivation might have been. This position, if consistently maintained, would make short shrift of the *de jure-de facto* distinction.

Finally the Court in *Swann* by no means held that the Constitution requires racial balance, and as Chief Justice Burger has since pointed out, while it sanctioned busing, the Court certainly perceived possible limits on the use of busing, at least where it runs a risk to the health of children or where it significantly impinges on the educational process.

But the Court did in the *Swann* case declare a new objective to be achieved in the disestablishment of formerly dual school systems: school boards and district judges must "make every effort to achieve the greatest possible degree of actual desegregation." And by actual desegregation, it is perfectly plain in context, the Court meant dispersal of the school population through any given system. That is the objective. *Swann* lays it down as the law of the Constitution. The operative phrase, to repeat, is "greatest possible degree of actual desegregation."

The *Swann* ruling may yet end up being qualified by the Supreme Court itself, and its consequences in practice can be exaggerated. But for now, there it is. District judges have the responsibility of estimating the possible and practicing its art, "taking into account," as the Court remarked in a companion case from Mobile, "the practicalities of the situation" facing each of them. But there is no longer any question about what they must try to achieve.

So it is that we have arrived where we are. Where we are is not in the presence of hundreds of massive integration decrees in the South, let alone in the North, involving extensive shuffling of total school populations, by busing or otherwise. But we are in the presence of a fair number of such decrees; there are further ones impending North and South; and that is the direction which the Supreme Court has authoritatively indicated to lower federal judges. It will involve busing, more busing in many places than before, and busing to different ends than before.

Under the impact of *Swann*, moreover, it is doubtful that the *de jure-de facto* distinction can long survive. It is still part of the law, and *Swann* was strictly a *de jure* case in the Court's view. But even technically, the distinction is showing some cracks, as in the *Emporia* and *Scotland Neck* cases of last June. And it is fatally vulnerable in a larger sense. The enforcement of a requirement of racial dispersal of school population in one region of the country but not in other regions is morally and politically, and therefore ultimately legally, an untenable position on any permanent basis.

Now, the President and all those congressmen who voted for the House bill may be inflating a false issue when they talk about busing, but it is a false issue also that the Democratic platform addresses, if in deflationary rather inflationary terms, when it declares that busing is one among other acceptable methods of desegregation and lets it go at that. That is an attempt to hide behind the judges' skirts again. Desegregation is not the issue any longer. Something else is, whether or not it is called integration or racial balance. That something else is symbolized by the shorthand term, busing, and it must be faced.

This is the first of two articles.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Bulls and Horseplay

Arruza (Avco Embassy). Carlos Arruza was a Mexican matador who was killed, in a car accident, in 1966. Budd Boetticher is an American director who has himself been a matador, who has made (among others) two fiction films about bullfighting, and who worked from 1959 to 1968 on a documentary about Arruza. The result is hardly worth all that time, but there are some fine fighting sequences.

This documentary is about the second part of Arruza's career. By his early 40s, he had won everything possible for a matador, and he retired to his splendid hacienda to breed bulls. But he was restless. He decided to learn *rejoneo*, bullfighting in which the matador is mounted on a horse, and to this end imported specially trained horses from Portugal. He was greatly successful with his new skill, although the crowd insisted that he dismount at the end of each fight to make the kill on foot.

I won't go into the arguments against bullfighting, they interest me only when they come from vegetarians. Any person who likes meat and fish (as I do), who has ever seen a beef slaughtered or a fish caught on a hook, and who still objects to bullfighting is a bit hypocritical. (Like the people in Greenwich Village who object to the Women's House of Detention, not because it's a hellhole but because it's in a residential neighborhood and they have to look at it.)

The trouble with bullfighting for me is not cruelty. It seems much less cruel than boxing, where both participants know that what they are doing is essentially brutal and that, in the vast majority of cases, the brutality is being exploited for someone else's profit. The bull is fighting out of no other motive than balls and blood, and the matador's aim is not the bull's death but the quality of the risks he himself takes en route to that death. No, my objection is that, for anyone but the truly knowledgeable, an afternoon of bullfights is dreadfully repetitious. The first two or three are almost unbearably exciting; then there is no gradual decline, there is a plunk. I can't wait for the other matadors to get through the motions and finish off the bull.

That's what's chiefly wrong with the good parts of this picture, the bull-ring parts. They are well shot and edited, but there's too much of them, except for real *aficionados*. The only element I kept watching with fascination was Arruza's marvelous control of the horse with his legs and feet (his hands were busy) and the horse's marvelous ability to respond.

There are other dull elements. A narration, spoken by Anthony Quinn, was written by Boetticher and the late Ken W. Purdy in the style of a "serious" sports writer. And there are a number of sequences at Arruza's hacienda with his wife and children, all done with the waxiness and shadowless lighting of a Busby Berkeley musical.

Boetticher is a pet of the *auteur* critics, and to them, things that are lapses in another man are admirable characteristics in one of their heroes. For Jim Kitses, author of a Boetticher study, what I have called repetitiousness is good: ". . . Carlos Arruza is complete and serene when we meet him, the film only recording countless confirmations of who he is." I've enjoyed some Boetticher films, notably *The Bullfighter and the Lady* and *The Rise and Fall of Legs Diamond*, but I recall them with less pleasure after reading encomiums by people who think that they advance serious film discussion by invoking grandiose comparisons. Kitses compares the pictorial qualities in Boetticher's westerns with Ozu and says that the director's ironic comedy should be compared with Chaucer. This is not unusual diction for *auteur* folk, and if you snicker at it, you literary lummox, it's just because you don't judge films as films.

Despite his panegyrists, Boetticher has ability; and *Arruza* has some of the best bull-ring footage I have seen.

And Now for Something Completely Different (Columbia). The British can be very good at a kind of social humor that is not actually satire: there is no great Swiftian ire behind it, simply the knowledge that our serious behavior is often quite funny if one merely throws another light on it. Sometimes the humor consists of taking the thing unchanged and just seeing it in a different context. (A fire extinguisher, in a building where I once lived, had this instruction on it: "To Play, Turn Bottom Up.") The revue *Beyond the Fringe* had a long sermon in it by an ancient clergyman that convulsed an English friend of mine, not because it was parodic but because it was *exactly* the kind of thing he used to hear as a boy, now revealed by being put in this setting. And sometimes the humor comes from preserving the form of a thing intact and only changing the nouns, thus showing up the silliness of the form.

The latest manifestation of this British talent is a BBC TV series called *Monty Python's Flying Circus*, out of which has come a film called *And Now*, etc. It's a

(continued on page 34)

Films Worth Seeing

Cabaret. Isherwood's Berlin in its latest, film-musical form. Bob Fosse supplies more clever direction than political or human insight, but it *is* smartly done.

The Candidate. Brightly made, cynical look at electoral merchandising. Robert Redford keen. Not much news in the film and not the whole of American suffrage, but true enough and timely.

Late Spring. By Yasujiro Ozu, who made *Tokyo Story*. This father-daughter drama is not quite at the level of the other film, but it is delicate, fine, and daringly reticent.

The Ruling Class. Peter O'Toole and a nearly flawless cast are fine in this harsh comedy about a religious maniac who inherits an earldom. Wildly mixed styles, simplistic theme, but some good dialogue—and what acting!

La Salamandre. A subtle and troubling film about two TV documentary writers and the working-class girl who is their subject. The director is Alain Tanner, a Swiss newcomer.

The Sorrow and the Pity. An unforgettable documentary, made with mastery, about occupied France and some survivors. Four and a half fascinating hours.

SK

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Behind the Terrorism

The Disinherited: Journal of a Palestinian Exile

by Fawaz Turki

(Monthly Review Press; $5.95)

Until two weeks ago Munich stood for the folly of appeasement. Now it stands for the evil of terrorism, or perhaps the intransigence of the Palestinians, or even Jewish martyrdom and/or intransigence—all the returns aren't in yet. Unhappy city—history keeps saving its darkness for it. Yet in the case of this most recent darkness, we perhaps need to be reminded that it is not really recent at all but goes back at least two decades to the period when the author of this remarkable little volume, *The Disinherited,* was growing up in his home country as "an outsider, an alien, a refugee and a burden."

Or, to retreat yet further, who now remembers *The Arab Awakening*, a well-known book of the '20s in which George Antonius told us about the rise of Arab city-dwellers with western ideas? This was under the Ottoman Empire before the turn of the century. And who remembers that the French installed *their* Arabs (and their Christian proteges) and the British *their* Arabs (largely Bedouin) when they divided up the Arab-speaking part of the Ottoman Empire after the First World War?

That empire, which now seems to have been a rather well-run if loose-jointed affair, one way or another permitted the emergence of a sense of identity among various Arab communities. That identity grew between the two world wars, in spite of or because of the British and French mandates. Only since 1948 have events deprived one of the most sophisticated of these communities, the Palestine Arabs, of any ordinary expression of its identity.

In an impassioned book, Fawaz Turki recounts the troubled times that preceded Suez in 1956. He damns almost impartially the Arab rulers left over from World War II and the new Arab rulers of the states now at varying degrees of war with Israel. The new Arab rulers (the British lost their man in Iraq fairly late in the game, their man in Egypt somewhat earlier on; and the French saw their friends go even earlier, but had a few left in Lebanon) were no better than those they displaced. Quarreling among themselves or trying to maintain themselves in power (like Hussein, that remarkably lucky survivor of the British Raj), they continuously abused and exploited the refugees.

He takes after the Americans, too. He worked for a week in the Saudi Arabian oilfields, and describes them as a segregated society where Palestinians were brought in so that there would not be too many educated Saudis.

And of course he also damns the Israelis, who "were immensely successful in their aim of creating a state 'clean of Arabs.' "

The publisher, and at times the author, make much of international revolutionary solidarity. But here Turki does not ring as true as in his account of the specific and local problems of his own people. His generation of Palestinians was brought up in and around the refugee camps, with memories of a better past that had largely to be improvised or recreated when the older generation vanished. Turki describes himself as Palestinian and Levantine, another term which brings to mind the old days and the contrast between the cosmopolitan port cities (remember Alexandria as recounted by Durrell?) and the backwoodsmen, especially the Bedouin who so attracted the British with their affinity for what an early British pundit called the "martial races." It was the Palestinians from whom after 1948 "everything was taken and nothing was heard."

Much of the analysis in this book—which combines history, personal reminiscence and analysis in about equal proportions—is Marxist, telling us that it is the bourgeois governments of the West and of the Arab world that did in the Palestinians. The theme wears a little thin, but the terminology if not taken too literally is convenient to help describe Turki's own homeless, frustrating and hopeless life once his identity as a Palestinian has been recreated. It explains what makes a revolutionary and—with no one government or too many governments to overthrow—what makes a terrorist.

Of course it's overdone. It might be called irrational. After all, why not become a Lebanese or a Syrian? But recall that the Lebanese and the Syrians won't allow that solution.

The essential in the whole account is the frustration of unnoticed people—people powerfully influenced by all that

Laying A *Fire*

The fire starts when two logs meet.

They barely touch.

Close enough to draw juice from the embers,
enough apart so every tongue moves
freely.

In a little while time changes their relation.
One loses in the fire more than the other.

I'll step back.

You

move an inch forward.

RUTH WHITMAN

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memory and all that history.

Arnold Toynbee, writing about "The Islamic World Since the Peace Settlement" in 1925, said: "Even in the period immediately following the General War of 1914-18, the tension which arose at the Straits of Malacca in the controversy over the construction of a British naval base at Singapore was regarded by most people as an issue between the English-speaking peoples and Japan; and few of those who took part in this controversy were conscious that 'British Malaya' and 'the Dutch East Indies' which between them commanded the passage from the Indian Ocean to the Pacific, were inhabited by a Muslim population of nearly fifty millions."

Turki tells us that a major problem is who remembers, and what is remembered.

Ernest Leverett

On the Shelf

Epistle to a Godson

by W. H. Auden

(Random House; $5)

This is quiet poetry—sometimes serene, sometimes politely caustic. Auden's is a masterly talent out of what now appears as another era; he is here preoccupied with age, sickness, death—and perhaps most of all with what it is like to feel that one has been put away on a shelf:

> Our earth in 1969
> Is not the planet I call mine.

I think there is a sense in which Auden put himself on a shelf a good many years ago when his verse came reiteratively to proclaim man's incapacities, his inability to take charge, direct his fate; and indeed he has perhaps become our greatest poet of the shelf. But in the new volume the shelf is even higher in the closet, and on it he sits meditating—with himself, or imaginatively with a few old friends. It is the friends who will have to say whether America was what chiefly made him come to feel shelved, and therefore drove him first to buy a house in Austria and spend his summers there, and then to leave this country entirely for his homeland; but an outsider's impression is that his is not a readily localizable isolation. Though he is certainly not impressed by some of America's worldly triumphs like the moon landings, and though he does take offense at such American glories as bad, or no, manners, and permissive education, his isolation would nonetheless seem to be largely the non-prejudicial isolation of an extraordinary mind that ultimately finds its solidest comforts in its own workings.

The characteristic movement of his poems is circular, a slow and leisurely jaunt around some fixed point—an object, an event, an idea. In a volume a few years back he went through his Austrian home room by room, dwelling upon the properties and meanings of each. Before that he wandered through the physical world examining islands, lakes, mountains, winds, limestone. And before *that* he cogitated, always in extremely elegant verse, upon Christ, Freud, *The Tempest* and whatnot, with, in each case, an analogical playfulness that, had it been painting, would have emerged as highly ornamental renderings (bric-a-brac and squiggles) of simple basic forms. In other words his verse centers have usually been large and obvious like a statue in a park, with the poet's game one of sitting down in front of the statue and letting the sight of it develop in the mind a series of themes, projections, fancies. Thus it is a contemplative art, an art for a lonely and unbugged visionary on a park bench. Or shelf. A very early and much anthologized version of the virtues of shelfdom is his sonnet "Who's Who," in which an activist who climbs mountains and wins wars—and gets in *Who's Who*—is set opposite a nice quiet chap who stays home and putters around the garden. Auden has always obviously imagined himself in the latter role, as man or poet.

In the new volume the verse center is apt to be a quiet occasion or offhand remark. The title poem for example seems to have been given its start when Auden's godson Philip Spender scribbled in a guestbook, "Thank God for boozy godfathers" (the poem is a meditation about what boozy godfathers who are poets ought to do with themselves to be either good poets or good godfathers, now that the world has gone to hell). Another poem is directed toward a doctor-friend on the occasion of his retirement; a third takes off from that crucial daily event, martini-time; and a fourth begins with an article about bacteria in *Scientific American*. As a whole the ornamentation is less extensive, less vigorous than in the earlier Auden, and where it surfaces most obviously it is in verbal play rather than analogy or image; Auden would seem to have been living with a large dictionary by his bedside recently, for he finds delight in harnessing to his poetic wagon such oddities as lipids and guddling. He even has a pleasant little "lexical exercise" for us entitled "A Bad Night," in which he says of the hero,

> Far he must hirple,
> Clumsied by cold,
> Buffeted often
> By blouts of hail
> Or pirries of rain,
> On stolchy paths
> Over glunch clouds,
> Where infrequent shepherds,
> Sloomy of face,
> Snudge of spirit,
> Snoachy of speech,
> With scaddle dogs
> Tend a few scrawny
> Cag-mag sheep.

To which one can best reply mildly, Wow. There's a good bit of such playfulness in the volume, and many very slight pieces indeed, which may be taken as further evidence of Auden's movement shelfward. It does begin to appear now that we are not going to have many more big, extended efforts from him; the sere and yellow leaf impresses him as a time for tapering off rather than rising to epic final profundities. Nor will he be likely, I'd guess, to rise to final angers either; he will instead go gentle into the good night because his is essentially a gentle and also

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genteel sensibility, and, perhaps more importantly, because he has found himself surrounded by the ungentle and has reacted, has made a sort of career of *not* being what *they* are.

Which may be why most of the students I now teach have never heard of Auden. It isn't that he is too academic, for he has never set himself up seriously as a teacher-poet, or gone in for poetry and criticism as a way to general enlightenment (enlightenment for Auden comes if it comes at all from puttering rather than from muscular pedagogical and intellectual efforts); it is that he is so detached and so quiet an observer of the human scene that the younger generations—which he is occasionally petulant about—simply aren't hearing him over their own noise. I don't know that they will ever hear him, yet I can't believe he is permanently out of play, though at the moment unfashionable. At least *if* poetry manages to persist at all in the future as, among other things, a high order of rational discourse, Auden should remain with us, he being preeminently a poet with a good and orderly bean whose decibels of feeling are not impressive but who emerges consistently as a gracious and well-slippered seer. I could wish here for more of the vivacity of early Auden, as in the immense letter to Lord Byron in *Letters from Iceland*, or in the early ballads (there's a ballad in the new volume, but it's a subdued affair), but that would be to wish against some natural law like gravity, and if Auden is didactic about anything it is that we must respect and accept what we have, like gravity, and not lament what we haven't. Since we have now an aging Auden we shouldn't ask him to turn somersaults but should continue to be grateful not only for his enormous wisdom but also for his kindly, well modulated and always slightly surprising presence.

Reed Whittemore

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

GEORGE CHARNEY *is the author of* A Long Journey *(Quadrangle).* MORRIS FREEDMAN *is the chairman of the English department at the University of Maryland.* DONALD T. ROTUNDA *works in the Historical Office of NASA.* RUTH WHITMAN'S *latest book,* The Passion of Lizzie Borden: New and Selected Poems, *is soon to be published by October House.*

So Recent An Event

The Young Lenin

by Leon Trotsky

(Doubleday; $7.95)

A book on the young Lenin, by Leon Trotsky, must have exceptional appeal. We are informed at the outset that the original manuscript and the English translation of Max Eastman disappeared in 1933 under mysterious circumstances. It then reappeared, 20 years later, in the Houghton Library of Harvard University under circumstances just as mysterious. This tale invests the book with the kind of drama associated with the life of Trotsky in exile. It makes it a work of historical interest and importance. Apart from all this, it is superb biography.

There is an immense literature on Lenin. An entire generation of American Communists was raised on the Little Lenin Library and the official notes of the Marx-Engels-Lenin Institute in Moscow that proclaimed Lenin as the "greatest genius of all time and all nations; master of all the treasures of human knowledge and human culture." A half century has passed since October and there are still unanswered questions on the nature and history of the communist regime including the influence of Lenin and Leninism on the Stalin era; yet there remains little doubt that Lenin belongs among the greatest political figures of modern times. In making such a judgment, or a judgment on the significance of the Russian Revolution itself, one should perhaps recall Edward Hallett Carr's story of the modern Chinese philosopher who, when asked his opinion of the Great French Revolution, replied, "How can one give a serious opinion on so recent an event?" But with or without the Chinese philosopher Lenin is still with us. The most important and widely read books in recent years include *The Life of Lenin,* by Louis Fischer (1964), and *The Bolsheviks,* by Adam Ulam (1965). The former deals with the history of the Soviet Union and its foreign policy, the latter with the policies pursued by Lenin in the course of the revolution and the formation of the Soviets. E. H. Carr has some magnificent passages on Lenin in his great and as yet unfinished work on the Russian Revolution. The reader may also go back to the early biographies that came from Lenin's intimate circle for a glimpse of his early life. The most famous is Krupskaya's *Reminiscences of Lenin,* published in 1934. The name of Krupskaya is cherished, even if little is remembered of her book. In later years she was frequently attacked and humiliated by Stalin. She continued, despite the harassment, to work on behalf of Bolshevik leaders who faced death in the purges of Stalin.

Somewhere in between the old books and the new, and of unique importance, has come this book on the young Lenin by Lev Davidovich Bronstein—Leon Trotsky. Written in 1933, in exile, it is not an ideological book. The biography is straightforward and free of ulterior purpose. It dwells principally on Lenin's boyhood years, the family of the Ulyanovs in the middle Volga, the harrowing story of Alexander, or Sasha, the eldest son executed as a terrorist, life in Kazan under the oppressive surveillance of the czarist police, a quiet interval and the formative years in Samara where Lenin first "conferred with Marx" and read *Das Kapital,* as well as Engels' *Anti-Duhring* and *Condition of the Working Class in England.* In 1893, at the formidable age of 23, he sets off for St. Petersburg to begin his political career in earnest, "head and shoulders above his generation."

The book has a style that evokes the great tradition of Russian letters. There is a poetic description of the land of Lenin's birth that contrasts the "incomparable panorama" of the Volga with the wretched poverty of the people. At the beginning, Trotsky describes the great peasant revolts of the 17th and 18th centuries under "Stenka" Razin and the Don Cossack Pugachev in the area of the Volga and how they were crushed. Trotsky then concludes, ". . . these two Volga rebellions constitute the authentic peasant-revolutionary tradition of Old Russia. In spite of

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their portentous scope, however, they brought no relief to the people. An iron law of history decrees that a *Jacquerie* left to itself cannot rise to the stature of a real revolution." In similar historical fashion he discusses the Populist movement and its impact in the latter part of the 19th century. He is critical of the Populist view that the peasant commune is the embryo of socialism, as he is of Populist failure to understand the growth of capitalism and its revolutionary implications. His comment is ironic: "The last books . . . of the Populist economists proved with enviable obstinacy the impossibility of bourgeois development in Russia at the very time when Russian capitalism was on the verge of a particularly rapid expansion." He adds that the young Lenin avidly read all the Populist works and concluded that Populism was a "living anachronism."

Trotsky is peradventure a Marxist with a penchant for sweeping comment, and succeeds in persuading the reader that the quintessential Lenin can be seen best against the tumultuous flow of history. Yet the most informative and moving part of the book deals with the family. Trotsky dismisses the legend that Lenin was a revolutionary by heredity. There was no need to idealize Lenin's father to explain the son's career. He was a member of the casteless intelligentsia or "raznochinets," a small minority of whom engaged in revolutionary activity in their youth. (Turgenev had coined the term "nihilist" as a popular synonym for student!) The greatest number soon abandoned their early revolutionary enthusiasms to join the government to justify the old anonymous aphorism, "La Russe est radical jusqu'à trente ans, et après—canaille." But the father was far from typical. He was neither a radical before nor a conservative later. He graduated from Kazan University with honors in physics and mathematics. His marriage was a happy and lasting union. He embarked on a career as a teacher and subsequently was appointed inspector of public schools in the Simbirsk *gubernia* where Lenin was born.

The father belonged to the generation that followed the emancipation of the serfs and shared the optimistic view that education would abolish peasant ignorance and transform Russia. He dedicated himself to this task and in the course of 17 years, traveling constantly in all seasons in a land without railroads or highways, he helped to build 450

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schools. He was described by his peers as a man of "boundless dedication." He occasionally sang the songs of the Decembrists, but otherwise he was a man of firm religious convictions who adhered to the ways of the regime, was indisposed to wage even a muted struggle against the autocracy and feared above all to encourage rebellious attitudes among his children. He died at a relatively early age, broken by the reaction that followed the assassination of Alexander II, in which education was now assailed as the tool of the devil and revolution.

The mother was even more remarkable. She managed the family during the long and frequent absences of her husband. She had, Trotsky tells us, "an inexhaustible life force" to withstand the tragedies which befell her—first the death of her husband, then the arrest a year later of her son Sasha on the charge of conspiracy to assassinate Alexander III. Her daughter Anna was arrested with him. The mother hastened to St. Petersburg and attended the sessions of the court to observe her young son who had become a man. "How well Sasha speaks. So eloquently," she wrote, but she could not sit through the entire proceeding, the eloquence was unbearable. On her way to visit Anna in jail she was handed a leaflet in the street that announced that Sasha had been hanged. "Pray for Sasha," she told Anna without revealing what she had just learned.

Trotsky pauses at this point to comment: "A new life now began for Maria Alexandrovna. She had to reconstruct not only her relations with other people, but her inner self as well. The slow and stern movement of the Russian Revolution over the bones of the young generation of the intelligentsia reeducated more than one conservative mother. Women of noble, bourgeois, or townsman origin would be torn away from their domestic rounds to spend long hours in the waiting rooms of the gendarmerie, in the offices of prosecutors and in prison offices. They did not become revolutionaries, but in order to defend their children, they waged their own battle with the tsarist regime in the rear guard of the revolution. They made the government hated solely by their complaints against its vengefulness and cruelty. The role of these mothers became a revolutionary role. Truly heroic figures arose among them, people of higher spiritual mold than the Christian *Mater Dolorosa*, who could only prostrate herself before the autocrat of Heaven. For the remaining 30 years of her life, Maria Alexandrovna belonged to the holy order of suffering and militant mothers."

The story of Sasha is most poignant. This extraordinary young scientist, preoccupied with research on the annelid worm, was irresistably drawn into the plot to kill the czar. "If you have to, blame it on me," he whispered to a co-defendant in court. This same friend saw in his eyes "an irrevocable determination to die." His final words in court were reported to the czar. "This frankness is touching" was his comment and then signed the order for the execution of the five defendants, whose average age was about 20.

The young Lenin worshipped his older brother, grieved over his death and in all likelihood experienced emptiness and anguish that Sasha did not share his deepest convictions and trials with him. There is little to the story, says Trotsky, that the young Lenin on hearing the news of Sasha's execution, struck his brow and exclaimed, "This will not be our way."

Lenin was then 17 years of age. He needed time. Around him the ideas of Marxism had begun to penetrate the minds of the intelligentsia. There was not as yet a clear demarcation between Marxism and the Populist philosophy. The years that followed the executions of Sasha and his comrades of the People's Will were years of reaction and inactivity that gave Lenin the opportunity to mature and learn.

The last part of the book deals with the "Landmarks of Growth," his years in the University of Kazan and his brief career as a lawyer in which he lost his first ten cases. He was now in Samara, the "Marxist capital of the Volga" and his keen interest in Marxism conflicted with the practice of law. We are given a vivid picture of the young Lenin in this period. His "short, distinctly Russian laugh," his passionate interest in learning and people, his sharpness and at times acrimoniousness in debate with those likely to serve as formidable foes, who could put one away with an insult, "once and forever." Perhaps it was this trait which led Plekhanov in a later time to describe Lenin as the "stuff of which Robespierres are made."

In all the other reminiscences or biographies of Lenin the primary focus is of course on Lenin, but in this book attention is divided between biographer and subject, as though each were the conductor of a great symphony orchestra. It is not that Trotsky projects himself; the biography is a beautiful and moving tribute. It is rather that I, of the same generation that was raised on the Little Lenin Library, on the side of Stalin and Soviet power, that accepted the terrible judgment that branded Trotsky as an enemy, in league with fascism, and hounded him from country to country until his brutal assassination in 1940—it is rather that I subjectively incorporate Trotsky. Trotsky—it became the deadliest epithet of a generation of communists. In a moment of fancy I imagine that if he came to be known as Bronstein he would no longer be reviled as Trotsky.

Some years back some friends joined together to conduct a discussion on the communist upheaval of 1956. We had been deeply involved. It was an ecumenical group that included a former editor of a Trotskyist journal. I found him to be a man of intellect and modesty and that was my first surprise;

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though I watched him closely in the weeks and months that followed I never heard him utter a devious thought, and that was my second surprise. Third surprise: he had a way of gently admonishing the members who made bitter criticism of the Soviet Union, by reminding them that it was still a worker's state. The image I had for a lifetime fell to pieces.

On a larger scale Khrushchev's report to the XX Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union was indirectly a vindication of Trotsky; as Isaac Deutscher put it, "a posthumous triumph." Yet it is hardly enough; the old judgment must be wiped clean. A crucial test of de-Stalinization, of the liberalization of life and thought in the Soviet Union, will be clearing the decks so that all Soviet citizens can fruitfully discuss and evaluate the role of Trotsky as the Danton of the Russian Revolution, his theory of "permanent revolution" and his history in exile. Only then, as Deutscher suggests, given the discontinuity of political thought, is it possible for Trotsky's ideas to acquire fresh vigor to intersect or coalesce with the ideas of such men as George Lukacs, Leszek Kolakowski, Franz Marek, Roger Garaudy, the Czech reformers and others to provide new impetus for socialism.

The Young Lenin, by Leon Trotsky, is a dramatic reminder of tasks unfinished and of the past that is still with us.

George Charney

A Feel for Teaching

Spearpoint

by Sylvia Ashton-Warner

(Knopf; $5.95)

Sylvia Ashton-Warner's report of her experience in an "open" primary school in Colorado is delightful, literate and personal. She knows she is a good teacher; she is openly pleased or displeased with herself and with others, or with the whole shebang; and she unselfconsciously and meticulously records her teaching triumphs and failures.

But the book is more than a record of her slow and sometimes impatient progress toward order and discipline in the face of their opposites (a colleague advises her not to talk of "discipline" but of "guidance") and toward the development of a teaching that is successful, to the degree that it is also a learning. Working "organically" with the children, she is also aware of the organic tie between the American classroom, or whatever it may be called, and the great American outside. Indeed, as a New Zealander, she may sometimes be too eager to find connections in America, but she readily indicates how some clues may confuse or mislead.

She notices in a vocabulary count that "hate" has been introduced by her children three times; "love," 67; and animals, 90, "three times as many as either Mommy or Daddy." At dinner with two of the parents, she boasts of the figure for "love." "But they don't rejoice," she writes.

> "No," one replies. "The 67 means a great yearning for love, which many don't have. The animals at 90 shows where they turn for love. You see, Mrs. H., many of our chilren do not have the tangible love, the cuddles and the kisses, the presence of their parents. Dogs they can touch and cuddle. Dogs are warm and receptive. Dogs are very affectionate; they're always there when the children go home. It's the dogs they turn to for their love."

Examining her statistics and finding some validity for the parent's response, Miss Ashton-Warner dismisses the figures: "You can't read children by statistics. . . . You don't read children by numbers." Instead she insists, "One cannot miss the character of our child when working organically; it reveals distinctions, the uniqueness of the distinctions and the frailty of the uniqueness."

Her own uniqueness has a childlike unexpectedness when she talks with the children. One five-year-old challenges her: "Don't you understand *anything!*" Her response: "Depends on what country I'm in."

Yet, in spite of this emphasis on and exploitation of uniqueness, Miss Ashton-Warner, like any teacher, is tempted to make generalizations to ease her work. Every so often she looks for a ready umbrella under which to crowd her charges. She suggests, for example, that the failure of her children to question her on occasion comes from their watching television so much and having to accept everything they're told by the tube since, obviously, they can't answer back or question back. That's just not right: I've heard children talk back to sets, and I certainly used to have to answer myself for something said or shown on the screen.

This very occupational failing underscores Miss Ashton-Warner's thorough professionalism. Unexamined teaching, she has learned, is unfulfilled teaching; her experience has taught her the importance of always probing one's own teaching powers, even when the probing is inadequate. Throughout the book she can therefore be found pausing to reflect on the whole process of teaching, sometimes simply, sometimes with implications that illumine larger human encounters:

> And it is terribly hard to learn to be a teacher, whether trained or not. I had five years' training, yet when I met my first class I didn't know what to do about it. It took me years to understand. *Years.* Anything I'd learnt in training college seemed to mean nothing. Though it must have. Since then, I've found out for myself that teaching ultimately depends on this something that goes between one and another; this same something which goes between one friend and another, between any one person and another. The greatest events, as well as the smallest, come from this personal interchange, this relationship; rapport, I suppose, though you can get sick of this word. None of which you learn, or know you are learning, or benefit from learning in college. For before you be-

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come a worthwhile teacher you need to be a worthwhile person, whereas becoming a worthwhile person takes time. Professional poise is about what it amounts to.

And:

To read another's feelings and motives without being told what they are, without confession or admission from the other, does not coincide with overtalk. Reading people's minds without the talk is halfway to understanding. . . . Talk, intertalk can be profitable, desirable, not to mention enjoyable, but you pay for too much of it in understanding itself, because so much wording becomes cheap in no time as quantity devalues quality. Too much is said which does not need to be said to one practiced in perception, to one practiced in receiving contagiously the feeling of another, which brings us back to feeling. Feeling is almost a separate person functioning of itself, and can travel from one to another without the support of words. The only things which need to be said are those which must be said from an inner compulsion. Too many, far too many questions are asked which deteriorate into probing, which hurts. It's best not to probe but to read in gesture, tone and overall response what you want to know from the other, and if you can't, then at least wait till you're told, in which case you get told only that which the other wishes to tell, must tell. And this which one *must* tell cannot be other than interesting and valuable to hear.

Morris Freedman

The Psychological Mysteries of Adolf Hitler

The Mind of Adolf Hitler

by Walter C. Langer

(Basic Books; $10)

What made Adolf Hitler tick? How could such a monstrous little man with a Charlie Chaplin moustache and a dirty raincoat, a clumsy street corner agitator with a frenzied crackle for a voice, dominate Germany and terrorize the world? In the spring of 1943 when General "Wild" Bill Donovan, head of the newly created Office of Strategic Services, put such questions to Dr. Walter Langer, the agency's psychoanalytic consultant, there were wide differences of opinion among America's top policymakers concerning the character of Adolf Hitler. General Donovan wanted to present them with a realistic appraisal of the Fuehrer that might serve as a common basis for decisions in the future. Could Dr. Langer unravel the psychological mysteries of Adolf Hitler? Dr. Langer at first demurred. He had no personal knowledge of Hitler and in the psychoanalytic process the patient is the sole source of information. Extensive literature was available but much of this was unreliable. The general was persistent, however, and so, despite the handicaps involved, Dr. Langer and his three collaborators agreed to "do the best we could."

Working under the pressures of an impatient OSS, Dr. Langer had only a few months to complete his analysis. *The Mind of Adolf Hitler* was the result. This wartime report, previously available to only a handful of top American and British officials, has only recently been declassified. Now published for the first time, Dr. Langer's pioneer effort emerges as a masterpiece of probing and understanding.

In his study Dr. Langer reveals Hitler as a man harassed by anxiety and uneasiness as his mind was being torn apart by great personal contradictions. He spouted the superiority of the Aryan race but was himself of below average height with a low, receding forehead, rotten teeth, flabby muscles and a chest so hollow that he probably had his uniform padded. He imagined himself as a man of determination and courage who never lost his nerve. And yet, even though he acted at times with great certainty, and as a soldier in the First World War won the Iron Cross, it is also true that the Great Dictator sucked his fingers in moments of crisis. Frequently he would break down and cry when faced with a difficult situation, or literally run away from it, as he did when the police opened fire during his unsuccessful 1923 Beer Hall putsch. He procrastinated in making decisions, occupying himself instead by playing with architectural models or watching movies. He took pride in having great willpower and self-discipline but in reality was lazy and unable to adjust to any regular work schedule. Afraid of sleep, he seldom went to bed before daybreak, spending his nights watching movies, listening to Wagner, or talking banalities to anyone who would listen. He was a notorious anti-Semitic who was privately haunted by the belief that his paternal grandfather was the illegitimate son of none other than Baron Rothschild and that he himself therefore was one-quarter Jewish.

Centering his analysis on a sexual interpretation of Hitler's mental condition, Dr. Langer demonstrates that the Fuehrer was far from the paragon of moral virtue that he liked to have the German people believe. He was fascinated with obscene photographs and kept a great number of nudes pinned on his wall. He enjoyed watching lewd movies and frequently invited striptease artists to perform at his mountain retreat at Berchtesgaden. He also enjoyed viewing men's bodies. Throughout his life he associated with

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homosexuals, although he was not actively one himself. His personal bodyguard was almost 100 percent homosexual and Rudolf Hess was widely known as "Fraulein Anna."

Not surprisingly, Hitler found it difficult to develop any relationship with women and generally had a loveless life. Yet the few women for whom he had any affection—his niece Geli, Eva Braun, the actress Renarte Mueller and Unity Mitford, the sister-in-law of Sir Oswald Mosley—all committed suicide or tried to. "Rather an unusual record," Dr. Langer observes, "for a man who has had as few affairs with women." When Hitler did have an affair he felt compelled to degrade himself by having the women kick him or defecate on him.

From all this Dr. Langer surmises that Hitler was a neurotic psychopath with schizophrenic tendencies. Hitler was disgusted with his masochistic perversions and sought to mitigate his guilt feelings by creating in his mind the image of another, more ideal, self with which he could identify. He thus saw himself as the incorruptible man of steel, the untiring worker, the dedicated leader. What saved him from insanity was his ability to convince 80 million Germans that the image he had created in his mind was his real self. Yet he remained a dual personality, his ideal self constantly trying to submerge his despicable self. The implications of this Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde personality were far-reaching. As Dr. Langer explains:

> He can grapple with the most important problems and in a few minutes reduce them to extremely simple terms; he can map out campaigns, be the supreme judge, deal with diplomats, ignore all ethical and moral principles, order executions or the destruction of cities without the slightest hesitation. And he can be in the best of humor while he is doing it.

A trace of morality remained, but it was deeply buried and highly distorted. As his despicable self was never completely repressed by his ideal self, his fears and anxieties increased. To overcome them he increased his cruelty and brutality to prove to himself that he really was the ideal self he imagined.

Using this diagnosis as a starting point, Dr. Langer then proceeds to surmise why Hitler reached such a state of neurosis. He finds the answer in Hitler's early childhood and draws conclusions that are not so farfetched as they may appear to be at first. As a youth Hitler suffered under a father who himself was a mass of contradictions. Unable to identify with someone he could not respect, he turned to his mother. She was a decent woman and a strong bond grew between them. But he most certainly discovered his parents during intercourse, which mixed him up even further. He hated his father for what appeared to be a brutal assault on his mother, his mother for apparently enjoying it and himself for not being able to intervene. His depression grew as he felt his mother had rejected him for his hated father.

As he entered adulthood, says Langer, he unconsciously equated Germany with his mother whom he loved, and Austria with his father. A wild, yet tantalizing notion. Significantly, he spoke of Germany as the great "motherland" whereas other Germans traditionally called it the "fatherland." He came to believe that only with the end of Austria could Germany "find her salvation." He developed a conviction that he had a mission to save the honor of Germany. Unconsciously he was saving his mother and even himself. But if he could not become the Great Redeemer of Germany, Dr. Langer correctly predicted that Hitler would seek the role of Great Destroyer. One way or the other he was determined to live in the minds of the German people for a thousand years.

As the guilt feelings from his sexual degradation increased, he projected the hate he had for himself onto the Jews. It was an easy projection for him to make since the Jew had become the symbol of his own masochistic sexual perversions when he was in Vienna. He envisaged the Jews as playing the same role in Germany as his guilt feelings played within himself. By ridding Germany of the Jews he hoped to rid himself of his guilt feelings.

Of all the other neurotics in the world, why did Hitler come to power, and why in Germany? Dr. Langer suggests many answers to such a question but none of them has the power or imagination of the rest of his study. He mentions Hitler's successful use of group psychology that undoubtedly went a long way in winning him the support of the people. Hitler knew the fundamental loneliness of modern cities, realized that people wanted to be led and appreciated the value of symbols, slogans and dramatic phrases in penetrating the deeper levels of the psyche. He was an extraordinary speaker, perhaps the greatest in the history of Germany. His fiery enthusiasm, the gestures and the shouting were all new to Germany. Speaking in a high pitch of emotion he promised to give the people back their self-respect, he denounced the treason of the November criminals and vowed to break the back of the Jews. He always managed to say what his audience was secretly thinking but dared not express themselves.

Dr. Langer also speculates that a reciprocal relationship existed between Hitler and the German people. Hitler helped create German madness but German madness also helped create Hitler. That so many Germans willingly submitted to his leadership "would indicate that a great many Germans were in a similar state of mind as Hitler himself." If this were true he suspected that once the war ended "fundamental changes within the German culture itself must be effected before the German people are ready to play a constructive role in the family of nations." Perhaps, but we will never know for Dr. Langer's study ends at that point with the notation that such speculation was beyond the scope of his study.

Not beyond his scope was a consideration of Hitler's predicted behavior based on the psychological profile he had constructed. Writing in 1943, Dr. Langer accurately predicted that as the war continued Hitler would become more neurotic, increase his brutality and eventually commit suicide. Dr. Langer has written a powerful study, remarkable both for the scope of his understanding and the depth of his research. In his introduction he wonders how history would have been changed if the results of his study had been made public earlier, and if similar studies had been made, in time, of Stalin or Castro, or President Diem. One wonders with him.

Donald T. Rotunda

Correspondence

Nader Replies

Sirs:

In their September 9 *New Republic* articles, Marshall and Young could have

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avoided their false starts and irrelevant conclusions had they (a) gone to available primary sources instead of preselected secondary materials and hearsay; (b) understood more competently the issues discussed and (c) written with a quest for truth rather than a design to justify Young's previous reportorial inadequacies.

Space restrictions prevent full comment but the following are expressive of the above-noted lapses:

Had Marshall wanted to truly ascertain the independence of the Center for Auto Safety, he would have asked to see the founding documentary materials (contrary to his assertion, Consumers Union launched the center), spoken with several members of the board, obtained a record of the center's activities and interviewed at least briefly, the subject of his interest—namely, myself. He did none of these. Instead he preferred to arbitrarily equate my cooperation on some center criticisms of the auto industry with control of its policies and management and then proceeded to lump other public interest offices, which are under my responsibility and direction, with the center in order to "prove" his point. A shoddy journalistic device indeed.

The remaining burden of his piece was to show that the Center for Auto Safety had not turned down the ATLA grant before this investigative venture by the two writers. Marshall's own reported facts contradict his naturally insupportable conclusion. He recognized that Lowell Dodge of the center had turned down the auto safety grant and asked that it might be sent to Ralf Hotchkiss' Center for Concerned Engineering. He also noted that Hotchkiss in turn had declared his intention to similarly decline the grant before Young's article. But there was a hiatus of a few days between Hotchkiss' draft letter and his final letter. Marshall could easily have reported why? Both Dodge and Hotchkiss were incapacitated part of August, the former having been injured on his bicycle by a car and the latter suffering from a recurrent illness arising from his paraplegic condition. Does Marshall need a stronger reason to explain the delays between the decision not to accept the grant and the formal implementation of this decision. Both Dodge and Hotchkiss can be pardoned if their "Caesar's wife" standards are so stringent, particularly in anticipation of such reporting.

Business reporter Leah Young's article on no-fault insurance is almost hopelessly beyond repair. For instance, Young misunderstands both what the Hart-Magnuson bill actually provides for and how different were my criteria for a sound, efficient, just and more self-correcting system. From her article, it is apparent that she has not carefully read the bill, has no understanding of what insurance delivery efficiencies include (such as internal company structural waste, profiteering and agent's commissions), fails to note that the group legal services bills do not, as she says, provide for such service but simply propose to clear away some obstructions in the labor and tax laws. Young seems unwilling to perceive the difference between the linking of the insurance function to loss prevention, as one integrated system of sanctions and incentives, and a series of separate, piecemeal bills each trying to be independently enforced.

It is true, as David Sanford says, that he and Dean Sharp had not spoken but, fortunately, it was an inconsequential mistake since Sanford says he heard the same from "other persons" and Sharp, in moments of overexuberance, had made such comments to third parties. No one from *The New Republic* ever called me about any of these articles. Had they done so, the credible pages of this journal would not have been despoiled with such false nonsense and avoidable factual errors.

Ralph Nader
Washington, D. C.

In reply:
We allow Mr. Nader the last word on this controversy and add only that in her original article Ms. Young did not state nor should it properly be inferred that Ralph Nader's position on no-fault insurance had been determined by a grant solicited by the Center for Auto Safety in July from the American Trial Lawyers Association, and which was later refused by the auto safety center.

The Editors

Kauffmann, *from page 24*

collection of pieces, and some of them are funny. The best quality in the film is its youthful brashness, the conviction that the world is one's oyster, that there will be time enough later to pepper it and eat it, that meanwhile one can nudge it for pearls. A few pop out, such as ("reality" seen afresh) a skit in which a man tries to return a dead parrot to a pet shop, and (formula with new nouns) a skit in which the Funniest Joke in the World is used as a secret weapon in World War II.

The performers come mostly from Oxford and Cambridge, which is something of a tradition for revue performers in Britain, and a few of them, especially John Cleese, have exceptional control and timing. The trouble with the film is that any picture whose sole aim for over 100 minutes is just to make you laugh by any means it can think of, cannot possibly succeed in that aim. The cartoon sequences are particularly damp. On the other hand, any film by bright people that tries for 100 minutes to make you laugh ought to succeed some of the time, and this does.

Greaser's Palace (Greaser's Pal. Ltd.). Last year we had *El Topo*, by and with a Pole named Alexander Jodorowsky who works in Mexico, a mythic fantasy set in Mexican desert country, distinguished by a self-apotheosizing adolescent mentality—the director played a sort of savior with mystical powers—a Bunuel-derived addiction to infantile cruelty, and a really superb eye for images. Several times I tried to get up and leave *El Topo* because, in sum, it is insultingly juvenile. But part of that sum is a picture eye, and each time I thought I might go, I stayed to look at some more of the pictures. To me, a film with nothing more than good pictures is a species of porno, a bit like what Wallace Stevens says about sex:

> If sex were all, then every trembling hand
> Could make us squeak, like dolls, the wished-for-words.

Still, sex porno has some limited appeal, and so has esthetic porno like *El Topo*.

Now comes *Son of El Topo*, as it might as well be called, a film actually titled *Greaser's Palace* by the American Robert Downey, who once showed some wit in his scripts though none in his direction. I did leave *Greaser's Palace* about halfway; then a few days later, passing the theater a little before half-time, I succumbed to conscience, unluckily, went in and saw the rest.

This is another Christ allegory, this time in the American West, with a sort of Pilate (named Greaser), a sort of Jesus (in a zoot suit), a sort of Holy Ghost

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(in a white sheet), a sort of God (in a beard). There is a good deal of Beautiful photography.

But the art of photography is debased here as symphonic playing would be debased by putting the Concertgebouw Orchestra in the pit of *Jesus Christ Superstar*. The allegory is absolutely sterile, the profanities and sex jokes are of a kind that any good college humor magazine would throw out, and the deliberate discontinuities are a parody of both caprice and surrealism.

El Topo at least had overweening immature conviction. Downey's derivative is part cynical, part vacuous, and wholly sickening to anyone who wants film to be adventurous, witty, irreverent and cinematically resourceful.

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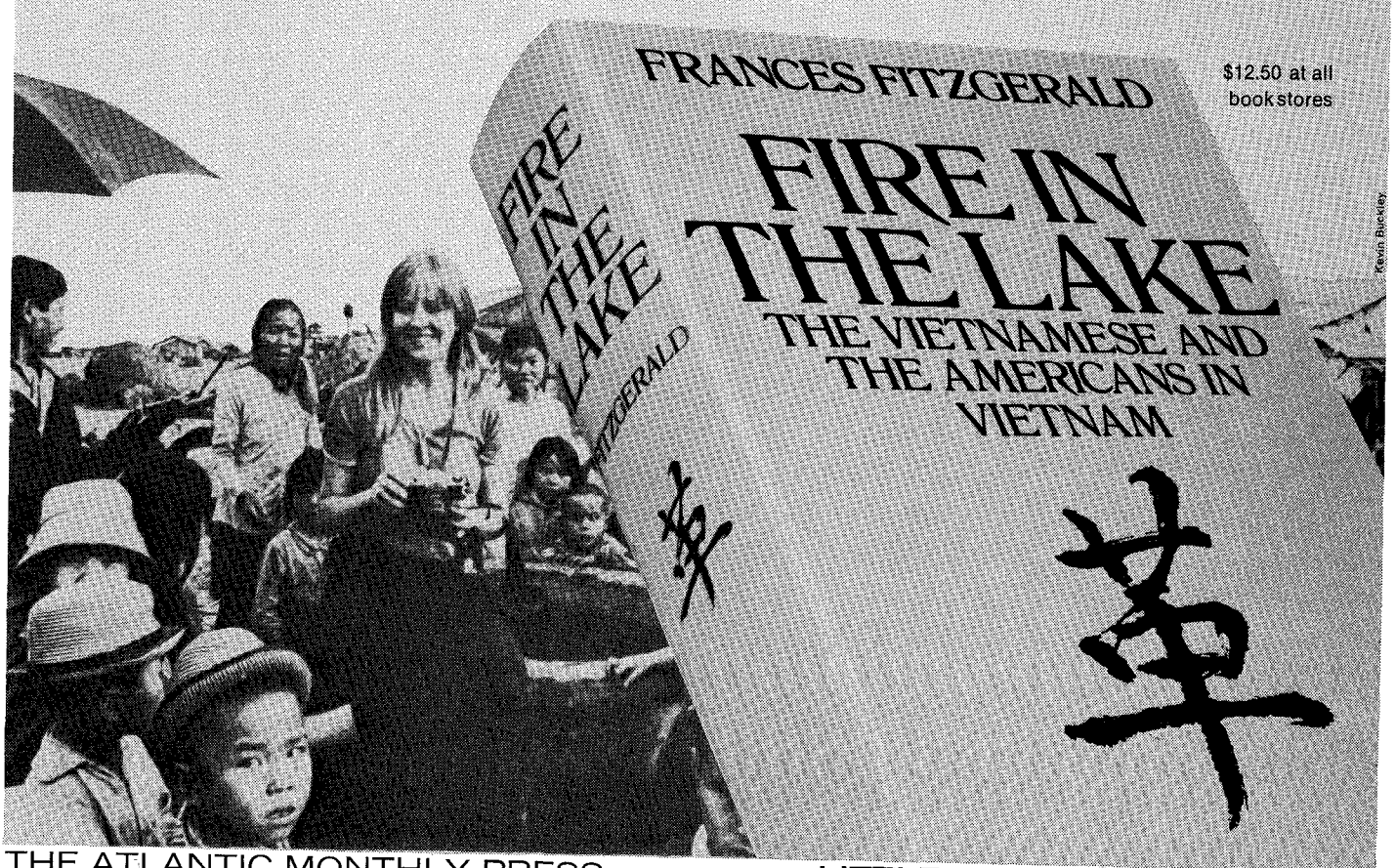

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